FRONTISPIECE.

Isaac Taylor del. et sculp.

But if the wisdom of thy good decree
Willd thus to save lost Man ——

FRONTISPIECE.

Isaac Taylor del. et sculp.

But if the wisdom of thy good decree
Willd thus to save lost Man ——

Julian Collection

William Wilson

1608/1569.

LYRIC POEMS, DEVOTIONAL AND MORAL.

By THOMAS SCOTT.

——DEO DATE CARMINA DIGNA.

BUCHAN.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR JAMES BUCKLAND, AT THE BUCK, IN PATER-NOSTER ROW.
MDCCLXXIII.

14
FEB

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following pieces aimed, in the choice and arrangement of their ſeveral ſubjects, to form a kind of little poetical ſyſtem of piety and morals. The work opens with natural religion. Thence it proceeds to the miſſion of Jeſus Chriſt, his ſufferings, his exaltation, and the propagation of his doctrine. Next is the call to repentance, the nature and bleſſedneſs of a chriſtian life, and the entrance into it. Theſe topics are ſucceeded by the various branches of devotion: after which are ranked the moral duties perſonal and ſocial, the happy end of a ſincere chriſtian, and the coming of Jeſus Chriſt to finiſh his mediatorial kingdom by the general judgment. The whole is cloſed with a deſcription of the illuſtrious times, when, by means of the everlaſting goſpel, *the earth ſhall be full of the knowlege of the Lord as the waters cover the ſea* [a].

[a] Iſ. xi. 9.

PREFACE.

The novelty of ſuch a plan, in verſe, will, perhaps, be a recommendation of it: If, however, verſe be thought too light and ſuperficial for religious inſtruction, let the royal pſalmiſt ſtand forth and wipe off the reproach.

That theſe poems might not pall the ear, variety of metre was adopted: and that they might ſatisfy the underſtanding, great care has been employed to deduce the ſentiments from ſcripture, reaſon, or experience. The ſcripture ſentiments are marked with reference letters; and the correſponding texts appear in the bottom margin.

In hope, therefore, of aſſiſting well-diſpoſed minds, in their nobleſt pleaſures and improvements; the writer hazards the publication of this ſmall performance.

CON-

CONTENTS.

	Page
I. GOD — — —	1
II. Manifeſtation of God in the Heavens	3
III. Invitation to worſhip God —	5
IV. Praiſe to the Creator — —	7
V. The Sanctity of God — —	9
VI. Divine Benevolence — —	10
VII. Jeſus Chriſt — —	12
VIII. Jewiſh and Chriſtian Religion compared	14
IX. The Compaſſion of Jeſus Chriſt —	15
X. His Agony — —	17
XI. His Apprehenſion — —	19
XII. His Condemnation and Crucifixion —	21
XIII. Glorying in the Croſs of Chriſt —	23
XIV. His Reſurrection and Aſcenſion —	25
XV. His lowly and exalted State compared —	27
XVI. Jeſus Chriſt the Phyſician of Sinners —	29
XVII. Praiſe to God by all Mankind —	32
XVIII. The Scriptures — —	33
XIX. The Chriſtian Church — —	35
XX. Chriſtian Miniſters — —	37
XXI. Wiſdom's Expoſtulation — —	38
XXII. Wiſdom's Threatning — —	40
XXIII. Delay — — —	42
XXIV. The Penitent — —	43
XXV. Chriſtian Privileges and Obligations —	47

CONTENTS.

	Page
XXVI. Need of Divine Aſſiſtance —	49
XXVII. Chriſtian Warfare — —	50
XXVIII. The ſame Subject in a different Metre	53
XXIX. Bleſſedneſs — — —	54
XXX. Benefit of early Piety — —	56
XXXI. The Vow — — —	58
XXXII. Prayer — — —	60
XXXIII. Confeſſion — — —	62
XXXIV. Petition for Devotional Views —	64
XXXV. Suſpenſion of Divine Influences —	67
XXXVI. Mourning after God — —	69
XXXVII. The Reſolution — —	71
XXXVIII. Tranſient Goodneſs — —	72
XXXIX. Dejection — — —	74
XL. Addreſs to Jeſus Chriſt — —	76
XLI. Complaint — — —	78
XLII. Thankſgiving — — —	80
XLIII. Prayer of the afflicted Youth —	82
XLIV. Soliloquy — — —	84
XLV. Thoughts on a particular Mercy —	86
XLVI. The Youth's Thankſgiving Ode —	88
XLVII. Pain — — —	90
XLVIII. Recovery — — —	92
XLIX. The aged Miniſter in a Swoon —	94
L. The aged Miniſter laid aſide — —	96
LI. Truſt in the Promiſe of Pardon —	98
LII. Truſt in the Promiſe of Divine Aſſiſtance	100
LIII. Fear of God — — —	102
LIV. Truſt in Divine Providence —	105

CONTENTS.

Page

LV. Self-dependance — — 107
LVI. Proſperity — — — 109
LVII. Worldly-mindedneſs — — 111
LVIII. The rich Epicure — — 112
LIX. Adverſity — — — 114
LX. Reſignation — — — 116
LXI. Viciſſitude, or Joy after Sorrow — 118
LXII. Faith in God the Remedy for worldly Fear and Grief — — — 120
LXIII. Care of the Soul — — 123
LXIV. The Importance of Time — 125
LXV. The Time of Probation — 127
LXVI. Temptation by the Devil — 129
LXVII. Integrity towards God — — 131
LXVIII. Integrity's Appeal to Jeſus Chriſt — 133
LXIX. Integrity in ſearching for Divine Truth 135
LXX. Integrity's Improvement of the Means of Divine Knowlege — 136
LXXI. Equity of the Divine Diſpenſations — 138
LXXII. Government of the Body — 140
LXXIII. Chaſtity — — — 142
LXXIV. Spiritual Appetites and Gratifications 144
LXXV. Government of the Mind — 146
LXXVI. The Conflict — — 149
LXXVII. Keeping the Heart — — 151
LXXVIII. Self-knowlege — — 153
LXXIX. The ſame Subject, in a different Metre 154
LXXX. Divine Diſcipline neceſſary to Self-knowlege — — — 156

LXXXI. Re-

CONTENTS.

	Page
LXXXI. Reproof — — —	158
LXXXII. Pride — — —	159
LXXXIII. Humility, firſt Part — —	161
LXXXIV. The ſame, ſecond part —	163
LXXXV. Meekneſs — — —	165
LXXXVI. Anger and Meekneſs — —	166
LXXXVII. Envy — — —	168
LXXXVIII. Religious Contentment —	170
LXXXIX. Malevolence — —	171
XC. Love — — —	173
XCI. Uncharitable Judgment — —	176
XCII. Perſecution — — —	177
XCIII. Probity; or, Integrity towards Man	180
XCIV. Hypocriſy towards Man —	182
XCV. Inoffenſiveneſs — —	184
XCVI. Chriſtian Prudence and Fortitude —	185
XCVII. Juſtice — — —	187
XCVIII. Mercy — — —	188
XCIX. Summary of Chriſtian Virtues, with their Beatitudes — — —	190
C. The Concluſion of a Chriſtian Life —	194
CI. The Funeral — — —	196
CII. The ſeparate Soul of a good Chriſtian	198
CIII. The mediatorial Kingdom of Jeſus Chriſt	201
CIV. The everlaſting Goſpel — —	204

LYRIC

LYRIC POEMS,

DEVOTIONAL AND MORAL.

I.

GOD.

O COULD I ſweep the lyre, like Iſrael's King,
And with his voice in lofty numbers ſing;
No far-fam'd hero ſhould inſpire my ſtrain,
Nor fabled Jove the mighty verſe ſuſtain.
Thy acts, Jehovah, be my ſong's high ſtory,
Thy peerleſs name, and thy unbounded glory.

Sole unbegotten *, independent Pow'r,
Years are but moments, ages but an hour
To thee: Ere time had ſtarted from his goal,
Thy eſſence was: When time ſhall ceaſe to roll
His flaming orbs, thy eſſence, ſtill abiding,
Defies decay; in its own ſtrength confiding.

Vaſt ſource of being, at thy potent word
Creation's wonders roſe, and hail'd thee Lord.
The changing moon and the all-foſt'ring ſun
Their functions know, and in thy circles run.
Earth her appointed ſtation holds: While Ocean,
Aw'd by thy limits, curbs his wild commotion.

Great Sultan, Majeſty Supreme, what awe
Surrounds thy throne and guards thy holy law!
Thy law is holy; to the rebel, woe:
Thy law is good; what peace the duteous know!
Celeſtial worlds obey; in bliſs abounding:
Thou Earth, obey; his ſeat with odes ſurrounding.

---

* By this term the ancient writers of the Chriſtian church expreſſed the *ſelf-exiſtence* of the Supreme Being. See Dr. Scott's edition of Bailey's Dictionary, Article UNBEGOTTEN.

Father of men, thy love what meaſures bound?
Whoſe fulneſs overflows this ſinning ground:
Thy clouds effuſe their alms, the fountains flow,
The fields rejoice, the trees with fruitage glow.
But man, thy image in his ſoul ſuſtaining,
Lives on thy bounty thankleſs and complaining.

Where ſhall the wicked flee? What darkneſs ſhade
Guilt, from thoſe eyes whoſe beams the ſoul pervade?
Where can the righteous weep, from thee conceal'd,
Thy ear not hearing, nor thy arm reveal'd?
Myſterious Preſence! all thy works exploring:
Knowledge ſublime! above all finite ſoaring.

****

II.

MANIFESTATION OF GOD IN THE HEAVENS.

[a]THE firmament's ſtupendous frame,
Where worlds on worlds in order flame,
In order wheel their azure rounds,
Thy grandeur, mighty God, reſounds.

---

[a] See Pſalm xix.

Day rolling after day diſplays
Thy providence, with lofty praiſe.
In ſhadowy robe night rides along,
And ecchoes loud the laſting ſong.

Their univerſal voice demands
Attention, from all reaſon's lands.
To every clime their ſpeech is known,
Let every clime thy wonders own.

All in majeſtic ſplendor bright,
Thy pow'rful miniſter of light,
Forth from his eaſtern palace, gay,
Springs out; to ſhed the vital ray.

Gay as a youth, in glowing bloom,
Forth iſſues from his ſpouſal room;
Strong as a champion racer's force,
He ruſhes to his mighty courſe.

With ſwift career, from heav'n's extreme
To heav'n's remoteſt end, his beam
Illumes, O earth, thy joyous ſeat;
And warms all nature with his heat.

III.

INVITATION TO WORSHIP GOD.

GREAT Spirit, underſtanding's king,
Reaſon and truth muſt join to bring
Worſhip, which may preſume to meet
Acceptance at thy holy ſeat.

The lifted hand, the bending knee,
Is but vain homage, Lord, to thee:
In vain our lips the hymn prolong,
The heart a ſtranger to the ſong.

Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal
The breaches of thy mandates heal?
Or faſt and penance reconcile
Thy juſtice, and obtain thy ſmile? *

A ſoul devout, a conſcience clean,
And goodneſs in each ſocial ſcene,
To thee a nobler off'ring yield,
Than Sheba's * groves or Sharon's † field;

---

* Iſaiah LVIII. 5, 7.

* Arabia the Happy, famous for its gold and frankincenſe.

† A large extent of plains round about Joppa and Lydda, all rich paſture land.

Than floods of oil, and floods of wine,
Ten thouſand rolling to thy ſhrine:
Or than, if to thy altar led,
A firſt-born ſon, the victim, bled [a].

Kneel, kneel, ye tribes of human frame,
Kneel; and adore the Maker's name.
Let every clime the ſun goes round,
In every tongue his glory ſound.

The beſtial clans, which round you graze,
With dumb devotion act his praiſe;
Who gave you pow'rs to them unknown?
Speech is your wondrous boaſt alone.

In you there lives, what ne'er ſhall die,
A free-born, thinking energy;
Faſhion'd and furniſh'd to fulfill
Reaſon's high law, your Father's will [b].

How long revolting, will ye rove
From hill to hill, from grove to grove?
And, mad with ſuperſtition, fear
Gods which can neither ſee nor hear [c].

---

[a] Micah vi. 6—8. [b] Job xxxii. 8. xxxv. 10, 11.
[c] Pſalm cxv. 6—8.

O come,

O come, and ſeek your father's face,
His anger fear, his love embrace;
Who in the world beyond the grave,
Has pow'r to kill and pow'r to ſave.

IV.

PRAISE TO THE CREATOR.

AWAKE, my glory [a], awake [b];
O ſound his honours abroad.
Before the mountains were born
He was; eternity's God [c].

The ſun he kindled; he ſow'd
The blue expanſion with ſtars.
The earth he founded [e]; he made
The ſea, and priſon'd with bars [f].

---

[a] The tongue. [b] Pſalm LVII. 8. [c] Pſalm XC. 2.
[d] Geneſ. I. [e] Pſalm XXIV. 2. Job XXXVIII. 4, 6.
[f] Job XXXVIII. 8, 10.

The winds he balanc'd; he gave
The cloud his ruling command,
To dart the arrows [a] of heav'n,
With rain to fatten the land [b].

He form'd his image the laſt,
Above all creatures beneath;
Of clay the body he wrought,
The ſoul infus'd with his breath [c].

O man, half angel in mind [d],
O mortal, ſprung from the duſt,
Thy Maker's glories adore,
Thy Maker's clemency truſt.

Awake, my glory, awake;
O ſound his honours abroad.
Before the mountains were born
He was; eternity's God.

---

[a] Lightning. [b] Job xxviii. 25, 26. Pſalm xviii. 14.
[c] Gen. i. 26—30. ii. 7. [d] Pſalm viii. 5—8.

V.

THE SANCTITY OF GOD.

O Sanctity, whoſe cloudleſs day
Abhors pollution's ſmalleſt ſtain [a];
How ſhall a worm that dwells in clay,
One moment in thy view remain?

Ah! ſhall a wretch deform'd with ſin,
In all his pow'rs of ſoul defil'd,
Not bluſh to claim his origin
From thee, and boaſt himſelf thy child?

Never, O never, thy decrees
This loathſom leproſy infus'd.
Myſelf let in the dire diſeaſe,
Myſelf my reas'ning ſelf abus'd [b].

Paſſions, in giddy youth unrein'd,
With years to headſtrong habit grew:
And ſin ſtill freſh dominion gain'd,
Old crime augmenting ſtill with new.

---

[a] 1 John i. 5. [b] Eccleſ. vii. 29.

Self-ruin'd, helpleſs; Lord, with thee
Help lives in opulent abode.
Almighty Mercy calls "by me
"Songs of ſalvation are beſtow'd."

O, as in ſome pellucid ſtream
We love to view the pictur'd ſky;
My ſoul might yield, tho' faint the beam,
An image of thy purity!

VI.

DIVINE BENEVOLENCE.

IN ſhadow black as night,
With ſcarce one feeble ray
Of nature's dim expiring light,
The nations loſt their way.

Like fooliſh ſheep we ſtray'd,
All from the Maker's fold:
Each, by his ſev'ral ſin betray'd,
His ſev'ral path would hold [a].

[a] Iſaiah LIII. 6.

Blind,

Blind, headlong every one
To the ſame ruin ran,
Th' Almighty Father, from his throne,
Beheld his creature man.

His wilder'd human race
The Father's pity won:
Forth from the boſom of his grace
He ſent his firſt-born ſon [a].

Benevolent he came,
The meſſenger of love [b];
Debaſing to a mortal frame
His godlike form above [c].

With gentle voice he cries,
" Sinners my yoke receive:
" Light is my yoke, and life the prize
" I to the yielding give [d]."

Truth ſpreads her golden wings,
With the glad news ſhe flew;
Salvation through the world ſhe brings
To Gentile and to Jew.

---

[a] John III. 16, 17. Coloſſ. I. 15. [b] John I. 16, 17.
[c] John III. 13. VI. 62. Philipp. II. 6—8.
[d] Matt. XI. 28—30.

O mercy

O mercy ſweet and high,
Above our loftieſt praiſe:
Ye noble natives of the ſky,
Your nobleſt anthems raiſe.

VII.

JESUS CHRIST.

SAGES of letter'd Greece and Rome,
Ev'n thou * by feign'd Apollo's doom
Announced wiſeſt of mankind,
Withdraw your thinly-ſcatter'd rays;
Before the broad o'erpow'ring blaze
Of the ſupreme eternal mind.

* Socrates, pronounced by the oracle at Delphi the wiſeſt among men.

Mercy's

Mercy's great year [a], in heav'n inroll'd,
By ſeers ſucceeding ſeers foretold [b],
Was now with ſolemn pomp unſeal'd.
Light of the world [c] Meſſiah came,
In his almighty Father's name,
And immortality reveal'd [d].

Fill'd with his Father's ſtrength he taught;
The dumb in rapture ſpeak their thought,
The lame man bounding like the roe:
The blind look up to heav'n, ſtern death
Reſigns its ſpoil, and from his breath
Fierce Demons ſhrink to ſhades below [e].

O works of pow'r, O works of love,
Ethereal embaſſage to prove,
That ev'ry riſing doubt control;
Earneſt of love and pow'r more ſtrong,
Which to the ſon of God belong,
To heal the miſeries of the ſoul.

---

[a] Iſaiah LXI. 1—3. Luke IV. 16—21.
[b] Luke I. 68—70.
[c] John VIII. 12.
[d] 2 Tim. I. 10.
[e] Luke VIII. 32.

Great

Great Prophet, Saviour, worthy thou
That every knee in homage bow,
From every mouth thy praiſe ſhould flow:
All thy commands are mild and juſt,
Thy promiſe, faithful to our truſt,
Will pardon, peace, and heav'n beſtow.

VIII.

JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN RELIGION COMPARED.

'TWAS not to bathe in Jordan's flood,
Nor touch nor taſte preciſely pure,
Nor holy waſte of brutal blood,
Nor faſt ſevere nor look demure,

That could the God of Iſrael pleaſe;
When Amram's ſon his precepts taught,
And by ſuch myſtic rites as theſe,
Labour'd to moralize the thought.

At length the ſon of God appears,
Truth drops her emblematic dreſs.
A nobler form religion wears,
Adorn'd with ſimple holineſs.

No more let zeal for mode and rite
The name of ſanctity aſſume.
Leave to the ſolemn hypocrite,
Theſe trappings of adult'rous Rome.

Sacred to God be all within;
From guile, from baſe affections free:
So his high friendſhip thou ſhalt win,
And beatific viſion ſee.

IX.

THE COMPASSION OF JESUS CHRIST.

YE Angel Forms, look down; and ſee
A ſcene of ſtrange diſtreſs below:
Behold divine humanity
Diſſolv'd in ſympathetic woe.

Lo,

Lo, on high Olivet he ſtands,
Salem's proud tow'rs in proſpect riſe:
His bowels yearn, he ſpreads his hands,
Compaſſion guſhing from his eyes:

"O Salem, my prophetic view
"Thy mighty miſeries ſurveys;
"Vengeance, to thy rebellions due,
"Unknown in paſt and future days.

"What labours have I ſhunn'd, for thee?
"What pow'rs of ſuaſion left untry'd,
"Thy children to allure to me,
"And in a Saviour's ſhadow hide?

"So when the falcon ſails above,
"The parent hen, with tender cry,
"Under her guardian wing of love
"Collects her infant progeny.

"But ah! ye would not—O ye blind!
(He ſaid, and heav'd a deeper ſigh)
"Your temple is to flames conſign'd;
"The dark predeſtin'd hour is nigh [a].

---

[a] Matt. xxiii. 37, &c. Luke xix. 41—44.

Bleſt

Bleſt Jeſus, in thy feeling heart
For me, a ſinner, ſpare one place.
I would be thine—O yield a part
To me, in thy redeeming grace.

X.

THE AGONY OF JESUS CHRIST.

BRING me, O bring me where thy mournful ſhade,
Thou fam'd Gethſemane [a], ſuch woe conceal'd;
As Time had never in his courſe ſurvey'd,
Nor Time's old annals ever yet reveal'd.

Who there in agony of ſorrow lies?
From all his pores the ſanguine currents run [b]:
I hear his groans, I hear his bitter cries:
'Tis holy Jeſus, God's redeeming ſon.

---

[a] Matt. xxvi. 36—44. [b] Luke xxiv. 44. Heb. v. 7.

Lo, on the ground he falls: he falls again;
Again he falls—in vehemence of pray'r:
"Father, if poſſible, thy hand refrain,
"Far from my lip this dreadful chalice bear.

"But if the wiſdom of thy good decree
"Will'd thus to ſave loſt man; if thus alone,
"Thy injur'd name is honour'd beſt; in me
"*Thy* will be finiſh'd, Father, not *my own.*"

Ye ſtarry fires, which o'er his ſorrows blaz'd,
Could you in all your nightly journies find
Compaſſion ſo divine, devotion rais'd
So high, and reſignation ſo reſign'd?

XI.

HIS APPREHENSION.

THE traitor comes, with ruffian crew;
"Good maſter, hail," the traitor cries,
Then gives the ſignal kiſs; anew
The traitor calls, "hold faſt your prize [a]."

Whither ye rude, unhallow'd hands,
My Lord, my Saviour, will ye bear?
O muſt the prince of life theſe bands
Of vileſt ignominy wear [b]?

He muſt; ev'n he, whoſe voice could bring
His father's legions down to earth;
Ten thouſand thouſand on the wing,
To guard his life who ſang his birth.

---

[a] Matt. xxvi. 48, 49. Mark xiv. 44.
[b] John xviii. 12.

He muſt; all reſcue he declines:
" Elſe oracles in vain foretell
" Eternal wiſdom's great deſigns,
" To ſave a guilty world from hell [a]."

Behold, the willing victim goes,
As a meek lamb to ſlaughter led [b]:
What noble fortitude he ſhews!
His look, how calm! erect, his head!

O Jeſus, ſhould thy cauſe require
My blood its heav'n-born truth to ſeal;
Me, in that trying day, inſpire
With thy divinely-glowing zeal.

---

[a] Matt. xxvi. 53, 54. [b] Iſaiah liii. 7.

XII.

HIS CONDEMNATION AND CRUCIFIXION.

BOUND in a malefactor's chains [a]
Malice his innocence arraigns;
Malice her venom'd ſpittle throws,
Fierce Malice deals her fierceſt blows [b].

With crown of thorns his temples bleed,
With cruel ſtripes his back is flea'd [c].
Behold the man [d]—"The croſs," they call [e],
"The croſs," and rend the judgement hall [e].

What evil has he wrought? "Away,
"Barabbas ſave [f], this fellow [g] ſlay."
Bloody and faint he bears along
His croſs, amidſt a hooting throng.

---

[a] John xviii. 24. [b] Matt. xxvi. 59—61, 67.
[c] Matt. xxvii. 26, 29, 30. [d] John xix. 4, 5.
[e] John xix. 6. Luke xxiii. 21—23.
[f] Matt. xxvii. 21—23. [g] Luke xxiii. 2.

Inconſtant throng! the day before
Heard your wide mouths *hoſannas* roar!
"*Meſſiah, king,*" with ſhoutings loud
You hail'd him [a]. O inconſtant crowd!

Ingrates! where ſhall your lame, your blind,
Your ſick another healer find?
Whence ſhall another Jeſus come,
To guide you to his father's home [b]?

Ah! they have nail'd him to the tree,
Between the ſons of infamy [c].
And now the ſcornful head they ſhake
And now th' inſulting jeſt they break [d].

But oh! what tongue his grief can tell,
When on his ſoul that darkneſs fell?
"My God, my God and Father, why
"By thee forſaken muſt I die [e]?"

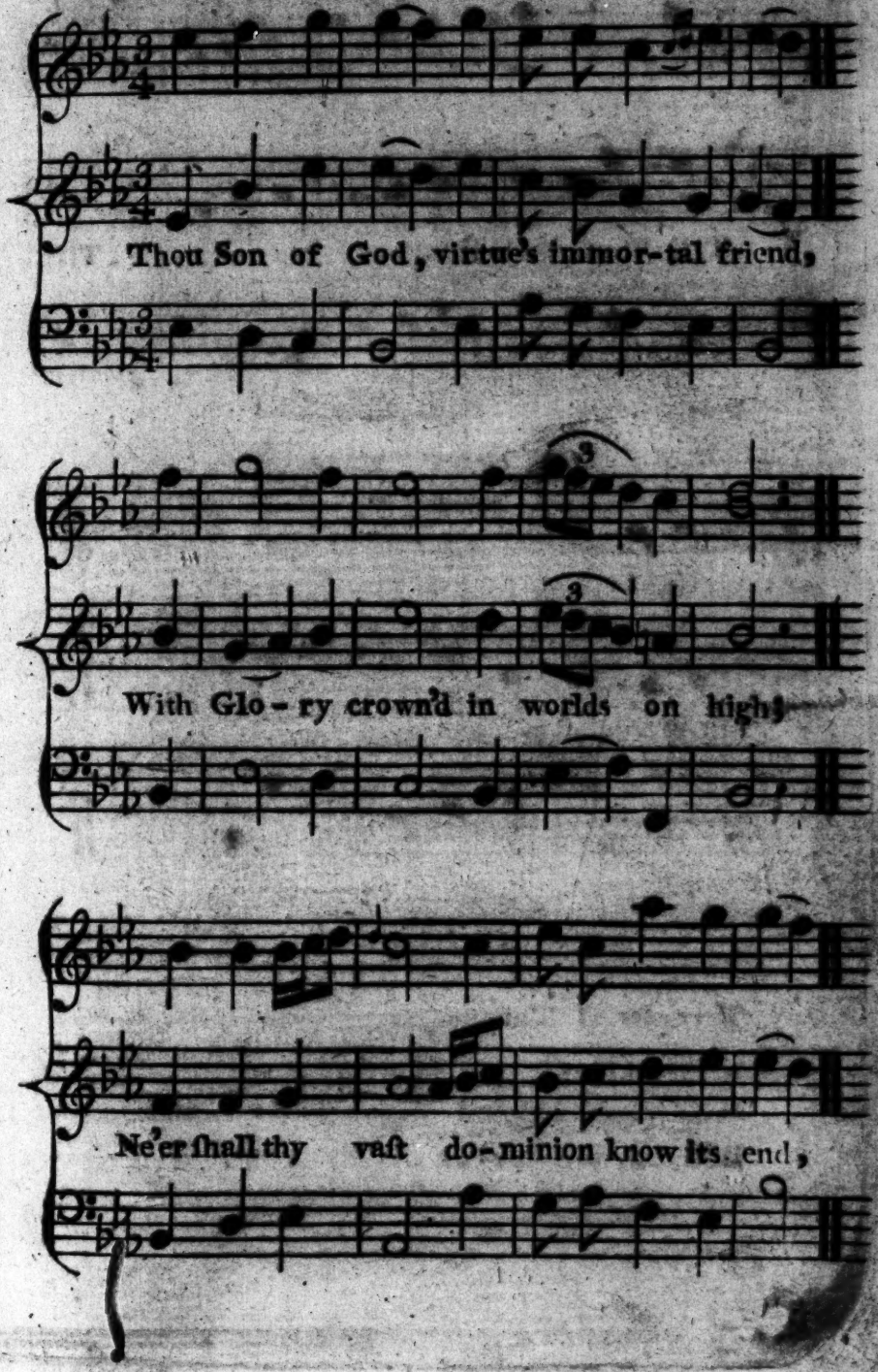
Flow, flow my tears, in torrents flow;
My ſins, dear Lord, wrought all thy woe.
Help my weak faith, and with thy pow'r
Uphold me in temptation's hour.

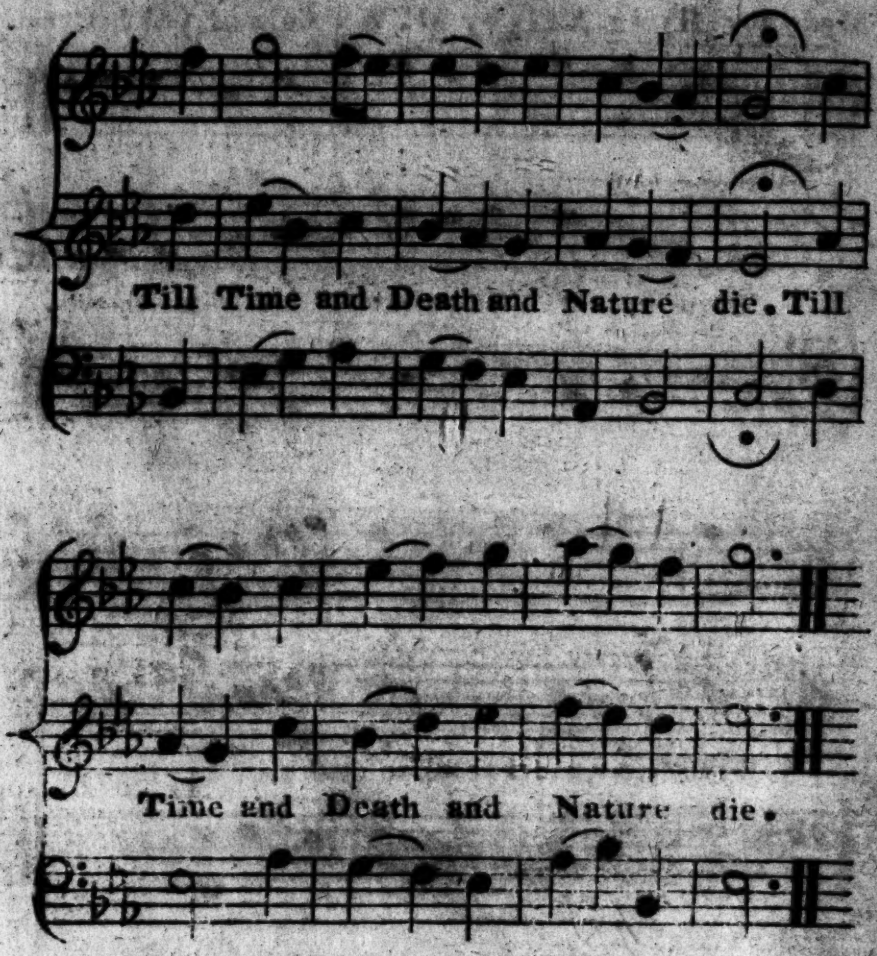
---

[a] Matt. xxi. 8, 9. [b] John xiv. 2, 3.
[c] Iſaiah liii. 12. Matt. xxvii. 38.
[d] Matt. xxvii. 39, 40. [e] Matt. xxvii. 46.

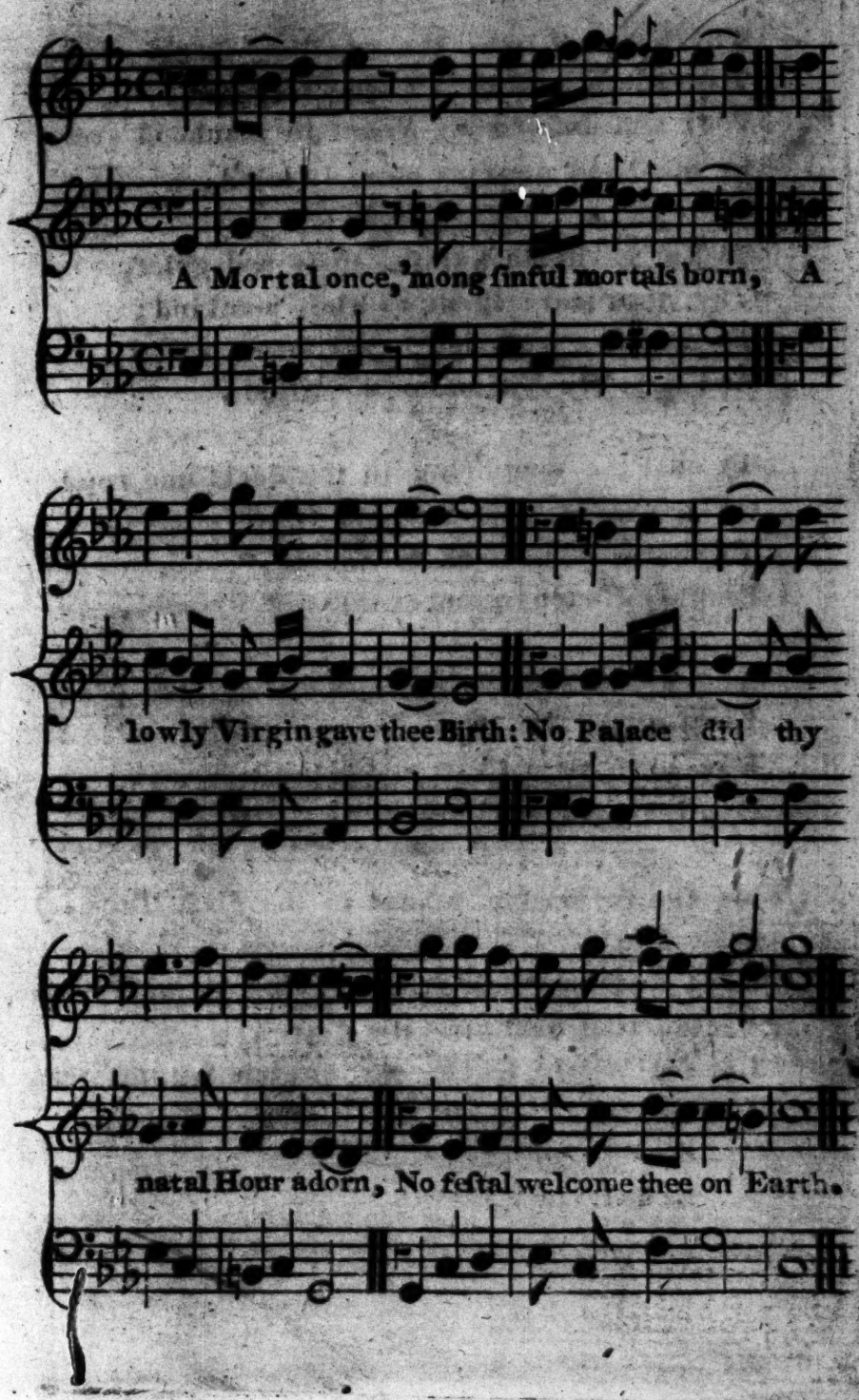
A new double Tune,

Made for Hymn XII, by M.r W.m Cole of Colchester.





Terreſtrial Thrones, and high celeſtial Powers,
Obey thy all-commanding Nod.
Hell trembles; and with all her Princes cow'rs
Beneath the terror of thy Rod.


A Mortal once, 'mong sinful mortals born, A
lowly Virgin gave thee Birth: No Palace did thy
natal Hour adorn, No festal welcome thee on Earth.

Thy infant Limbs the cradling manger knew,
Thy Youth was in a Cottage train'd.
Poor and deſpiſ'd thy Years to manhood grew;
In manhood poor, a man diſdain'd.

In perils oft, in painful toils and grief,
Thy days were ſpent to bleſs mankind;
To give the wounded heart divine relief,
And heav'nly Viſion to the blind.

To call the wand'ring in the darkſome road
Of Ignorance, and Sin, and Death;
To charm them back to Virtue, Peace, and God,
Employ'd each moment of thy Breath.

At length, to finiſh great Redemption's plan,
In Duty to his Father's Will;
Extended on a Croſs, the wond'rous man
Expires —— his mercy to fulfill.

(Sing the following Stanza to the firſt Tune.)

Loud Anthems hail'd thee to thy Father's throne,
Virtue ſtill occupies thy Care.
Let the whole Earth thy golden Scepter own,
Let the whole Earth thy Bleſsings ſhare.

XIII.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

THE nail, the ſpear, the ſhaming tree
I make my boaſted theme [a].
On Calvary's mount, O God, I ſee
Thy pow'r and wiſdom beam [b].

There is my Saviour's miſſion read
In characters of blood,
The Chriſt the ſon of God; he bled
To make his title good [c].

Illuſtrious act of duty, paid
To his great Father's will [d]!
Virtue, in torments, undiſmay'd
Does it's high work fulfill.

---

[a] Gal. vi. 14. [b] 1 Corinth. i. 24. [c] Matt. xxvi. 63—67. John xix. 7. 1 Tim. vi. 13. ch. xviii. 37. [d] Philip. ii. 8.

Awful atonement [a]! now with ſmiles
Juſtice the pardon gives;
When to himſelf God reconciles
The ſinner who believes.

Faith at the croſs new vigour feels
(There hope and peace begin)
Subdues my fears, my ſorrow heals,
And triumphs o'er my ſin [b].

Let ſcorners mock and die [c]; while thoſe
Who love the Saviour's name,
With firm contempt their ſcorn oppoſe,
And his ſalvation claim [d].

---

[a] Dan. IX. 24. Rom. III. 25, 26. 2 Cor. V. 19.
[b] Gal. II. 20. [c] Acts XIII. 41. [d] 2 Tim. IV. 8.

XIV.

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

TREMBLING earth gave awful ſign;
hallelujah.
Down from heav'n a form divine
hallelujah.
Flaſh'd; the lightning of his look
hallelujah.
Terror in the ſoldiers ſtrook [a].
hallelujah.

Angel, roll the rock away;
Death yield up thy mighty prey:
See! He riſes from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

'Tis the Saviour! Angel, raiſe
Fame's eternal trump of praiſe:
Let the world's remoteſt bound
Hear the joy-inſpiring ſound.

---

[a] Matt. xxviii. 1—4.

Shout, ye ſaints, in rapt'rous ſong,
Let the ſtrains be ſweet and ſtrong:
Shout the ſon of God, this morn
From his ſepulchre new-born.

Hail, victorious Jeſu, hail;
On thy cloud of glory ſail [a]
In long triumph through the ſky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

Heav'n diſplays her portals wide,
Glorious hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount the throne,
Thy great father's and thy own [b].

Pow'rs of heav'n, Seraphic Fires,
Sing, and ſweep your golden lyres:
Sons of men, in humbler ſtrain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

---

[a] Acts i. 9, 10. [b] Revel. iii. 21.

Ev'ry note with wonders ſwell,
Sin o'erthrown and captiv'd hell:
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O Death, thy mortal ſting [a]?

XV.

HIS LOWLY AND EXALTED STATE COMPARED.

THOU Son of God, virtue's immortal friend,
With glory crown'd in worlds on high [b];
Ne'er ſhall thy vaſt dominion know its end,
Till time and death and nature die [c].

Terreſtrial thrones and empyrean [d] Pow'rs
Obey thy all commanding nod [e]:
Hell trembles, and with all her princes cow'rs
Beneath the terror of thy rod [f].

---

[a] 1 Corinth. xv. 55—57. [b] Heb. ii. 9.
[c] Dan. vii. 13, 14. 1 Corinth. xv. 24—28.
[d] *Celeſtial*; or *heavenly*. [e] Epheſ. i. 20, 21. Philip. ii. 9—11. [f] Revel. i. 18.

A mortal

A mortal once, 'mong ſinful mortals born,
A lowly virgin gave thee birth.
No palace did thy natal hour adorn,
No feſtal welcome thee on earth.

Thy infant limbs the cradling manger knew,
Thy youth was in a coſtage train'd:
Poor and deſpis'd thy youth to manhood grew;
In manhood poor, a man diſdain'd.

In perils oft, in painful toils and grief [a],
Thy days were ſpent—to bleſs mankind;
To give the wounded heart divine relief,
And freedom to the captive mind.

To call the wand'ring in the darkſome road
Of ignorance, and ſin, and death;
To charm them back to virtue, peace, and God,
Employ'd the moments of thy breath [b].

---

[a] Iſaiah LIII. 3. Luke IV. 28, 29. Matt. XII. 14. Mark III. 20, 21. [b] Luke IV. 18, 19, 21.

At length, to finiſh great redemption's plan,
In duty to his father's will;
Extended on a croſs the wondrous man
Expires—his mercy to fulfill [a].

Loud anthems hail'd thee to thy father's throne,
Virtue is thy imperial care.
Let the whole earth thy golden ſcepter own,
Let the whole earth its bleſſings ſhare.

XVI.

JESUS CHRIST THE PHYSICIAN OF SINNERS.

DIVINE Phyſician of the morbid [b] mind [c],
Jeſus; thy pow'rful ſkill,
For every moral ill,
A ſovereign remedy can find.

---

[a] Luke xxiv. 25—27. 1 Corinth. i. 3. Epheſ. i. 7. Heb. x. 5, 7, 10. [b] Diſeaſed. [c] Matt. ix. 12, 13.

To

To reaſon, darken'd and infirm with ſin,
Thou viſion canſt reſtore [a],
With ſtrength unknown before;
And a new world in man begin [b].

'Tis thy prerogative the ſoul to move;
The hard and ſtubborn heart
Yields to thy ſoft'ning art,
Melts into grief, and glows with love.

The will in bondage, and to vice inur'd,
Redeem'd, O Lord, by thee,
Exults in liberty,
To righteouſneſs and God ſecur'd [c].

The moſt unruly paſſions thou canſt tame,
The fouleſt thou canſt clean,
The gloomy make ſerene,
And change a tyger to a lamb.

---

[a] 1 Cor. i. 30. [b] Eph. ii. 10.
[c] John viii. 34, 36. Rom. vi. 18, 22.

O beauteous work, benevolent, and great!
With dignity of thought
And generous paſſions fraught,
And the ſweet peace of virtue's ſtate.

In virtue thy unrivall'd kingdom ſtands [a];
Virtue thy conqueſts ſpreads,
Thy hand the virtuous leads,
All virtue's laws are thy commands.

His praiſe ſing aloud, ye children of day,
Sing aloud his high name,
And his glory proclaim,
Who cloaths you in virtue's array [b].

To Calv'ry's martyr all glory be giv'n,
Who will waſh us from ſtain [c],
That with him we may reign [d],
And walk in white raiment in heav'n [e].

---

[a] Pſalm xlv. 3, 4, 7. Rom. xiv. 17. [b] Rev. iii. 18.
[c] Joh. xiii. 8. Epheſ. v. 26, 27. Rev. i. 5, 6.
[d] Luke xxii. 29. 2 Tim. ii. 12. Rev. iii. 21.
[e] 2 Eſdras ii. 39, 40. Rev. iii. 4, 5. iv. 4. xix. 8.

XVII.

PRAISE TO GOD BY ALL MANKIND.

O Come, all ye ſons of Adam; and raiſe
A ſong unto God [a]. How lovely is praiſe [b].
Serve him, who reigns in his glory above,
And fills the wide earth with tokens of love.

His breath is your life, your reaſon a ray
Effus'd from his light to guide all your way.
Your ſickneſs he heals, your wants he ſupplies,
And wipes away tears from the penitent's eyes.

Daſh down your falſe gods of ſilver and gold,
Him worſhip who made earth and heav'n of old:
His ſon, his ſalvation thankful receive,
Your follies confeſs, obey him, and live.

---

[a] Pſalm CXVII. 1. Rom. XV. 11.
[b] Pſalm CXLVII. 1.

O Father of men, in mercy command
Thy goſpel to ſhine on all human land:
That far as the ſun diffuſes his beam,
Praiſe may aſcend in Meſſiah's great name [a].

XVIII.

THE SCRIPTURES [b].

TRUTH with her golden beam
Inſcribes th' immortal line:
Goodneſs and equity, ſupreme,
Through the bleſt volume ſhine.

In elocution plain
Theſe heav'nly pages teach;
And yet, their majeſty of ſtrain
What mortal pen can reach?

---

[a] Pſalm cxiii. 3. Pſalm ii. 8. Matt. vi. 10. Rom. xv. 9, 10. [b] See Pſalm xix. 7—11.

Here precepts, old and new,
By God's own ſignet bind:
With pow'rful wiſdom theſe endue
The weak, but humble, mind.

Here promiſes are ſown,
Which holy ſtrength infuſe,
When dangers throng; or ſorrow's groan
Pleads for ſupporting views.

O laws! whoſe vigour rends
The ſelf-accuſing breaſt:
Whoſe vigour to the upright ſends
Sweet ſelf-poſſeſſion's reſt.

O promiſes, whoſe force
Is from all changes ſecure!
Long as their everlaſting ſource,
Your bleſſings ſhall endure.

Hence warn'd, my ſins I ſee;
Againſt my ſins I guard:
Hence aided, from perdition flee
To heav'n's immenſe reward.

Ye rich men, roll in gold;
Ye epicures, in wine:
Your portion in contempt I hold;
Thy word, O God, be mine [c].

XIX.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

JESUS with groans and blood redeem'd
A people, to be ſtyl'd his own [d];
By virgin chaſtity of mind,
And unpolluted manners known [e].

Illuſtrious unity of ſouls [f]!
All the bright offſpring of the day [g];
Like their eternal parent pure,
Led and enliven'd by his ray [h].

---

[c] Pſalm cxix. 97, 103, 127. [d] Acts xx. 28.
[e] Titus ii. 14. [f] John xvii. 21.
[g] Luke xvi. 8. Joh. xii. 36. 1 Theſſ. v. 5.
[h] Matt. v. 48. Rom. viii. 15, 16. 1 Pet. i. 15, 23. 1 Joh. iii. 9, 10. Rom. viii. 14.

Here the great Father dwells, ſupreme,
And here his great vicegerent ſon:
While life and bliſs, from both deriv'd,
Through the rejoicing houſhold run [i].

Sweet fellowſhip of peace and joy,
'Tween man below and God above!
Delightful tie of man to man,
By the ſtrong pow'r of chriſtian love [k]!

O bleſt Community! who hold
Titles divine, immortal claims [l];
Heav'n's everlaſting roll records,
In letter'd gold, your worthy names [m].

The morn, the promis'd morn ſhall beam,
When your exalted ſaviour-king
Shall purge you from all ſinful ſpot [n],
And to his Father's preſence bring.

---

[i] John xiv. 20, 21, 23. 1 John i. 3.
[k] John xiii. 34, 35. John xvii. 23. Epheſ. iv. 3.
[l] 1 Pet. i. 2—4. ii. 4, 5. [m] Luke x. 20. Rev. xiii. 8. [n] Epheſ. v. 27. Jude 24, 25.

XX.

CHRISTIAN MINISTERS.

WELCOME, ye meſſengers of peace,
Ye ſervants of our mighty Lord:
May your juſt honours ne'er decreaſe,
Who labour to diſpenſe his word [o].

Ye leaders of the churches, ſtand;
Publiſh the ſtory of his love:
With his commiſſion in your hand,
Argue [p], exhort, conſole, reprove [q].

By your own lives exalt his laws,
His promiſe by your faith commend.
The glory of a Saviour's cauſe,
With his own gentle zeal defend [r].

---

[o] 1 Tim. v. 17. [p] Acts xvii. 2, 3. xxiv. 25.
[q] 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17. iv. 2. 1 Theſſ. ii. 11. Iſaiah xl. 1. [r] 1 Tim. iv. 12.

Jeſus, we yield a docile ear;
Such heralds of thy will and grace
With due ſubmiſſion we revere,
With warm affection we embrace [s].

Proſper, in all their anxious toil,
These faithful guardians of thy ſheep [t]:
And from devouring hate and broil,
Thy conſecrated mountain keep [u].

****

XXI.

WISDOM's EXPOSTULATION WITH SINNERS.

'TIS Wiſdom's earneſt cry;
Wiſdom, the voice of God,
To young and old, the low and high,
Utters his will abroad [w].

---

[s] Heb. xiii. 17. [t] John xxi. 15, 16.
[u] Iſaiah xi. 9. lxv. 25. [w] Prov. i. 20—22.

Within

Within the human breaſt,
Her ſtrong monitions plead.
She thunders her divine proteſt,
Againſt th' unrighteous deed.

Within the holy place
She calls, with open arms;
" How long ye fools will you embrace
" Folly's deceiving charms [x].

" The race of man I love [y],
" In mercy I chaſtiſe,
" Severely faithful I reprove;
" Hear, mortals, and be wiſe [z].

" My houſe, a royal pile [a],
" Invites you through its gate.
" O leave the wilds of ſin and guile,
" And enter; ere too late.

---

[x] Prov. VIII. 1—5. [y] Prov. VIII. 31.
[z] Prov. VIII. 32, 33. [a] Prov. IX. 1—5.

" My joys, unſenſual, taſte;
" Come, drink of Wiſdom's wine:
" No ſorrow poiſons my repaſt,
" The banquet is divine.

" Honour and peace, with me,
" And life immortal dwell.
" Your ways of woe and infamy
" Take hold of death and hell [b].

XXII.

WISDOM's THREATNING.

WISDOM exalts her voice again,
I tremble at her awful ſtrain:
With look ſevere, and anger's tone,
She makes divine reſentment known:
" Sinners, attend once more; aſtoniſh'd hear
" The threatning I denounce; its vengeance fear.

---

[b] Prov. viii. 18—21, 36. ix. 18. ii. 18, 19.

" Oft

" Oft I have publiſh'd God's command,
" Oft I have wav'd my pleading hand,
" My eloquence I oft have try'd,
" And mercy's every means apply'd.
" But, unregarding, from my voice you turn'd,
" Scoff'd at my counſels, and my promiſe ſpurn'd [c].

" I too will ſcoff, at your diſtreſs
" When mazing fears your ſouls oppreſs:
" Scorn for your ſcorn I will repay,
" In evil's deſolating day;
" When the black ſtorm, long ſwelling o'er your
" heads,
" Impetuous burſts, and ſwift deſtruction ſpreads.

" By ſickneſs in her chain confin'd,
" Raving in agony of mind,
" While death ſtands levelling his dart,
" Eager to bathe it in your heart;
" To me, for refuge, you in vain ſhall fly,
" Me importune with unavailing cry.

---

[c] Prov. i. 20, 24—32.

" Your

" Your deeds of ſin, and wit profane,
" Then bitterly bewail'd in vain,
" Inflam'd with glowing guilt ſhall riſe,
" And flaſh my terrors in your eyes.
" Wrath in full meaſure by yourſelves prepar'd,
" Obdurate ſinners, ſhall your crimes reward."

XXIII.

DELAY.

HASTEN, ſinners, to be wiſe [d];
Stay not for the morrow's ſun.
Longer wiſdom you deſpiſe,
Harder is ſhe to be won [e].

Haſten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's ſun:
Leſt thy ſeaſon ſhould be o'er,
Ere this ev'ning's ſtage be run.

---

[d] Pſalm cxix. 59, 60. [e] Heb. iii. 13, 15.

Haſten,

Haſten, ſinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's ſun:
Leſt thy lamp ſhould fail to burn,
Ere ſalvation's work is done [f].

Haſten, ſinner, to be bleſt;
Stay not for the morrow's ſun:
Leſt perdition thee arreſt,
Ere the morrow is begun [g].

XXIV.

THE PENITENT.

YOUR flowing urns, ye fountains, lend [h],
To fill theſe failing eyes;
While mourning in the duſt I bend,
Till mercy bid me riſe.

---

[f] Eccleſ. IX. 10.
[g] 2 Corinth. VI. 2.
[h] Jer. IX. 1.

Yes,

Yes, I have known, from childhood known,
My God, thy holy will [i]:
Too negligent, I bluſhing own,
Thy orders to fulfill.

Thy friendly voice, without, within,
In cleareſt warnings ſpake:
"There winds the way of death and ſin,
"The path of glory take."

Unheeding what thy voice advis'd,
I went perverſely wrong;
The caution and the hope deſpis'd,
And madly ruſh'd along [k].

Sometimes I paus'd, and ſighing ſaid;
I will theſe ways forſake.
Soon, by ſome headſtrong luſt o'erſway'd,
The feeble vow I brake.

---

[i] 2 Tim. III. 15. [k] Prov. I. 29, 30.

Ah!

Ah! whither has my folly rov'd?
Loſt on perdition's ground,
From thy ſtill waters far remov'd,
What paſture have I found [l]?

Wand'ring for reſt, where reſt is none,
By guilt and fear purſu'd;
Idle, employ'd, in crowds, alone,
Sad images I view'd [m].

Was this the great and good deſign,
For which I ſaw the day?
Was reaſon giv'n, that beam divine [n],
Thus to be flung away?

Ingrate thy bleſſings I miſus'd,
O thou long-ſuff'ring Lord.
Thy law contemn'd and grace abus'd
Demand thy damning word.

---

[l] Pſalm XXIII. 2. [m] Iſaiah LVII. 20, 21.
[n] Prov. XX. 27. Pſalm LI. 6.

I hear, I hear ſoft mercy cry
(Sounds which my ſoul revive)
" O wherefore, ſinners, will ye die?
" Children, return, and live [o]."

Before his Father's throne I ſee [p]
The Mediator ſtand.
Lo, while he pleads, to Calvary
He points with ſpeaking hand.

My God with a ſmile his full pardon diſplays,
Deſpair ſhall for ever my boſom depart.
My glory awake [q], ſing aloud his high praiſe,
Sweet hope has begun to enliven my heart.

---

[o] Jer. III. 12, 14. Ezek. XVIII. 30—32.
[p] Heb. VII. 25. IX. 24.
[q] Pſalm LVII. 8, 9. CVIII. 1.

XXV.

CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGES AND OBLIGATIONS.

DOST thou my worthleſs name record
Free of thy holy city, Lord [r]?
Am I, a ſinner, call'd to ſhare
The precious privileges there?

Art thou, my king my father ſtyl'd?
And I, thy ſervant and thy child [s]?
While more than half the human race
Are aliens from thy Zion's grace [t].

Lo, wretched millions draw their breath
In lands of ignorance and death [u].
But I enjoy my line of time,
Within thy goſpel's favourite clime.

---

[r] Epheſ. ii. 19.
[s] Epheſ. i. 5.
[t] Epheſ. ii. 12.
[u] Matt. iv. 16.

Pardon aſſur'd and heav'n diſplay'd,
Baniſh my fears, my hope perſuade [w];
And precepts, plentiful and clear [x],
Through life my dang'rous voyage ſteer.

Shall I receive this grace in vain [y]?
Shall I my great vocation ſtain [z]?
Away, ye works in darkneſs wrought [a];
Away, each mean and wanton thought.

My ſoul, I charge thee to excell
In thinking right and acting well.
Deep, deep, thy ſearching pow'rs engage,
Unbiaſs'd, in the heav'n-born page.

Heighten the force of good deſire,
To deeds of ſhining worth aſpire:
More firm in fortitude, deſpiſe
The world's ſeducing vanities.

---

[w] Luke xxiv. 47. [x] Coloſſ. iv. 12. Epheſ. v. 17. Rom. xii. 2. [y] 2 Corinth. vi. 1. [z] Epheſ. iv. 1. [a] Epheſ. v. 11.

Strong

Strong and more ſtrong, thy paſſions rule;
Advancing ſtill in virtue's ſchool;
Contending ſtill, with noble ſtrife,
To emulate thy Saviour's life [b].

XXVI.

NEED OF DIVINE ASSISTANCE.

TO fix the thought on things above,
To give them pow'r the heart to move,
To hold futurity in view;
What can a feeble mortal do?

To warm the ſoul with love to God,
To tremble at his lifted rod,
To keep the will to conſcience true;
What can a feeble mortal do?

---

[b] 1 Pet. ii. 21.

To live by faith, to combat hell,
The world's temptations to repell,
And ſelf-denial's path purſue;
What can a feeble mortal do [c]?

Lord, this ſtupendous work is thine;
The ſacrifice of praiſe be mine,
Oft as thy aids my force renew;
What can a feeble mortal do?

XXVII.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

THE captain of Jehovah's armies ſtands,
Th' imperial banner is aloft diſplay'd.
Flow to his enſign, all his valiant bands,
And bravely fight beneath it's pow'rful ſhade [d].

---

[c] Pſalm li. 10. cxix. 18, 35—37, 66. John xv. 4, 5. xvii. 15. Philip. iv. 13. 1 Pet. i. 5. v. 10. Jude 24.

[d] Heb. ii. 10. 1 Tim. i. 18, 19. 1 Tim. vi. 12. 2 Tim. iii. 3.

Clad

Clad in celeſtial arms, of nobler frame
Than thoſe [e] renown'd in the Mæonian ſong;
Ye heroes, panting for immortal fame,
In great Immanuel's conqu'ring might be ſtrong.

Her [f] *zone Uprightneſs* round your loins ſhall caſt,
The mind's unweary'd vigour to ſuſtain.
In *Virtue's cuiraſs* ſheath'd, meet, unaghaſt,
The charms of pleaſure and the force of pain.

Sandal'd with *zeal* your active feet will tread
The cragged mountain, and the rocky road;
When the bleſt goſpel ſummons you, to ſpread
The healing odour of its truth abroad.

The fiery ſhafts of furious *luſts* defy,
Dauntleſs oppoſe faith's adamantine *ſhield*.
Salvation's helmet to your head apply,
For dangerous war in ſcepticiſm's field.

---

[e] The invulnerable arms of Achilles deſcribed by Homer in his Iliad. [f] Epheſ. vi. 10—17.

Th' ethereal *blade* ne'er looſen from your ſide,
The word of God, ſo formidably keen:
This weapon your victorious chieftain try'd,
In bold temptation's moſt audacious ſcene [g].

Thus dreſt in panoply [h] divine, prepare
For ſtrenuous ſtrife and perſevering toil.
Advance, with martial ſtep and martial air,
The foes of righteouſneſs and God to foil.

An amaranthine [i] crown of glory [k] waits,
To dignify the faithful ſoldier's brows:
His labours o'er, high Salem opes her gates,
And bow'rs of bliſs invite him to repoſe [l].

---

[g] Matt. IV. 4, 7, 10. [h] *panoply*, a complete ſuit of armour. [i] *amaranthine*, unfading.
[k] 1 Pet. v. 4. [l] Heb. IV. 1, 9—11. Rev. XIV. 13. XXII. 14.

XXVIII.

THE SAME SUBJECT IN A DIFFERENT METRE.

JESUS his banner has diſplay'd,
Hell threatens formidable war.
All o'er in heav'nly arms array'd,
Unmov'd her haughty pow'rs I dare.

Truth, like a *belt*, ſhall gird me round,
And vigour in my ſoul ſuſtain.
With *Virtue*, as a breaſt-plate, bound,
Temptation's onſet I diſdain.

Meekneſs ſhall on my march attend,
Meekneſs ſhall rage and ſpite defeat:
Not greaves of braſs can more defend,
From cruel ſpikes the ſoldier's feet.

Come, *Faith*, and bring thy temper'd *ſhield*,
This to the furious foe oppoſe:
Vanquiſh'd, with ſhame he quits the field,
In vain his fiery darts he throws.

Salvation's hope my head ſhall ſhade,
A helmet of celeſtial frame:
Thy word, O Lord, all-conqu'ring *blade*,
With terror on the foe ſhall flame.

XXIX.

BLESSEDNESS [m].

THRICE happy man! whoſe youthful feet
Touch not the path which ſinners beat;
Or *walk* not in the fatal way,
Where *unrepenting* ſinners ſtray
Till, oft alas! their impious tongue
Mimics the harden'd *ſcoffing* throng.

Thrice happy man! whoſe ſoul's deſire
To honour God is all on fire:

[m] See Pſalm 1.

Who

Who on his holy volume feeds,
Warm'd with the love of virtuous deeds;
Revolving ſweetly, on his bed,
The leſſons which by day he read.

Like a fair tree, with foliage green
Long by the garden currents ſeen;
Whoſe lovely flow'rs in ſeaſon blow,
And to a generous vintage grow,
He flouriſhes; in worth of mind,
Heav'n-bleſs'd, the joy of human kind.

Not ſo the wicked in their place,
A vile unprofitable race:
Out of the living they are caſt,
Like chaff before the riſing blaſt,
And in ſome future day ſhall fall
Convicts, before the judge of all.

In that high day, the righteous Band
Exulting at his bar ſhall ſtand:
His ſentence will their way approve,
And lift them to his ſeat above.
His ſentence on the bad will frown,
And drive them to perdition down.

XXX.

BENEFIT OF EARLY PIETY.

COME, children, learn the heav'nly art,
To make your growing years
All happy, and defend your heart
From guilt, diſtreſs, and fears.

Remember him who gave you breath [n],
Remember him who dy'd
To ſave you from eternal death:
His precepts be your guide [o].

What ornaments a young man grace,
In piety approv'd [p]!
How lovely virtue's blooming face!
By God and man belov'd.

---

[n] Eccleſ. xii. 1. [o] Pſalm cxix. 9.
[p] Prov. iv. 7—9.

Virtue

Virtue in early youth begun
The man with eaſe purſues [q];
And when his mortal courſe is run,
In heav'n his life renews.

O ſquander not your nobleſt time
In vanity and ſin:
Leſt death ſhould pluck you in your prime,
And hell ſhould ſnatch you in.

Fond parents, with religious care
Your tender offspring train:
Warn them of every ambuſh'd ſnare,
Sow, ſow the pious grain.

Thus the great Father gives command [r],
Thus ſpeaks a parent's love.
Know, judgment's awful day, at hand,
Your faithfulneſs will prove.

---

[q] Prov. xxii. 6. [r] Eph. vi. 4.

XXXI.

THE VOW.

MY heart is fix'd, the firm decree
Is ratify'd within my breaſt.
I vow my ſoul, O Lord, to thee [s],
In thee alone I ſeek my reſt [t].

Adieu, ye vain deſires, adieu;
Ye luſts of every name, farewell:
I bar all fellowſhip with you [u],
I mean no more to live for hell.

In diſſipation's magic ground,
In buſy ſcenes of toil and care,
What pleaſures or what gains are found,
Which may with thine, O Lord, compare [w]?

---

[s] Pſalm cxix. 106. 2 Corinth. viii. 5.
[t] Pſalm lxxiii. 25, 26. Jer. vi. 16. [u] Epheſ. v. 11. Titus ii. 11, 12. [w] Pſalm iv. 6, 7. Prov. iii. 17. Pſalm xix. 11.

Pleaſures which yield no peace, I leave;
Wealth but a ſpoil for death, I ſpurn;
Hopes I embrace which ne'er deceive [x],
For wealth which never dies [y], I burn.

To faith's heroic war I riſe,
Nor dread my ſtrong and wily foes;
Safe in the arms thy word ſupplies,
Led by the wiſdom it beſtows.

My heart is fix'd, the firm decree
Is ratify'd within my breaſt.
I vow my ſoul, O Lord, to thee,
In thee alone I ſeek my reſt.

---

[x] Rom. v. 5. [y] Luke xii. 33.

XXXII.

PRAYER.

OUR Father, thron'd above the ſkies,
To thee my empty hands I ſpread.
Thy child of duſt beneath thee lies,
Who aſks thy bleſſing on his head.

Let mercy all my ſins diſpell,
As a dark cloud before the beam [z].
My ſoul from bondage and from hell,
To liberty and life redeem.

With chearful hope and filial fear,
In that auguſt and precious name
By thee ordain'd, I now draw near;
And would the promis'd bleſſing claim [a].

---

[z] Iſaiah XLIV. 22.

[a] Gal. IV. 6, 7. Heb. X. 19—22.

On

On thy good promiſes I lean,
Thy truth can never never fail [b];
Though ſtedfaſt earth and heav'n's great ſcene
Shall periſh [c], like an ev'ning tale.

Will not an earthly parent feel
The cravings of his child in need!
Will he preſent a cake of ſteel
For bread, his hungry mouth to feed [d]?

Our heav'nly Father, how much more
Will thy divine compaſſions riſe;
And open thy unbounded ſtore,
To ſatisfy thy childrens cries?

Yes, I will aſk, and ſeek, and preſs,
For gracious audience, to thy ſeat;
Still hoping, waiting, for ſucceſs
If perſevering to intreat [e].

---

[b] Pſalm CXIX. 90. CXLVI. 6. Heb. X. 23. 1 Pet. I. 23. 2 Pet. I. 2, 4. [c] Heb. I. 10—12. 2 Pet. III. 11—13. [d] Matt. VII. 7—11.

[e] Luke XVIII. 1. Job XXIII. 3.

For

For Jeſus, in his faithful word,
The patient ſupplicant has bleſs'd:
And all thy ſaints, with ſweet accord,
The prevalence of pray'r atteſt.

XXXIII.

CONFESSION.

O GOD the holy and the juſt,
Look not with anger's flaſhing eye.
Behold me proſtrate in the duſt,
Hear a lamenting ſinner's ſigh.

My ſins like ocean's ſands abound,
My ſins are ſtain'd with crimſon hue:
Their burden ſinks me to the ground [f],
To heav'n I dare not lift my view.

[f] Pſalm XXXVIII. 4. XL. 12.

Above

Above the fowls that ſwim in air,
Above the beaſts which graze below;
Reaſon, thy noble gift, I ſhare;
By reaſon taught, thy laws I know [g].

How bleſt! if I to reaſon's voice
Had yielded an obeying ear:
Bleſt! if thy will had been my choice,
Thou my delight, and thou my fear [h].

But oh! the paſſions in my frame,
Inwrought by thee for wiſeſt end,
With blindfold violence o'ercame
Reaſon, and conſcience reaſon's friend [i].

In reaſon's aid thy goſpel ſtrove,
I heeded not, but onward ran:
The ways of ruin were my love [k],
O what a ſtubborn thing is man!

---

[g] Job xxxv. 11. xxxii. 8. [h] Pſalm i. 1, &c.
[i] James i. 13, 14. [k] Prov. viii. 36.

Lord,

Lord, I am worthy to receive
The dreadful ſentence, "Thou ſhalt die [l]:"
But ere the fatal ſtroke thou give,
Turn, turn thy face to Calvary.

XXXIV.

PETITION FOR DEVOTIONAL VIEWS.

HOW long, O Lord, and why,
Wilt thou thy glories ſhade?
How long unheeded ſhall my cry
Thy gentle ear invade [m]?
Whene'er my feeble thought
On heav'nly things would muſe;
The viſions, to thy people brought [n],
Their charms to me refuſe.

---

[l] Pſalm li. 4. Ezek. xvii. 4. [m] Pſalm xiii. 1. xxii. 1, 2. [n] Pſalm cxix. 18, 66, 169, 171. Epheſ. i. 17—20. Prov. ii. 3—5.

Wiſdom

Wiſdom and works of pow'r,
Which in thy goſpel ſhine,
On me in waſte their ſun-beams ſhow'r.
O this blind ſoul of mine!

Thy miracles of love
To me no joy impart;
In me no tender paſſion move.
O my unfeeling heart!

If I to Jeſus turn,
Nail'd to the cruel tree;
With no ſeraphic love I burn,
Although he dy'd for me.

Whene'er my ſins I call
Before ſtern judgment's eye;
Scarce a bewailing tear will fall,
I ſcarce can heave a ſigh.

Thy promiſes I lay
Cloſe to my aking breaſt:
Fain would I hope, hope flees away—
My anguiſh finds no reſt.

In darkneſs muſt I go,
An alien ſtill from thee?
Ah! never ſhall my boſom know
The glow of piety?

And muſt I then deſpair?
Is there no laſt reſource?
Though nature fails, Ah yet—elſewhere
Lives no aſſiſting force?

Who, who, is he, that ſtands
Before thy gracious throne?
That lifts his interceding hands,
When humble ſinners groan [o]?

To whom has thy decree
Wiſdom for ſinners giv'n [p]?
Will not his grace indulge to me,
Some of that beam of heav'n?

---

[o] Heb. iv. 14—16. vii. 24, 25.
[p] 1 Corinth. i. 30.

Uncloſe,

Uncloſe, uncloſe theſe eyes,
Infuſe the viſual ray:
Before me bid thy glories riſe,
With ſoul-reviving day.

XXXV.

SUSPENSION OF DIVINE INFLUENCES.

O the diſtracting fears [9],
Which rent my heart in twain;
The ſighs, and groans, and burſting tears
Of ſorrow's ſharpeſt pain;

When firſt my God refrain'd
His mercy to purſue;
And, ere his work perfection gain'd,
His energy withdrew.

[9] Pſalm LVIII. 13—15.

A deep and deadly gloom
O'er mental viſion ſweeps:
Benumbing cold, O fearful doom!
O'er mental feelings creeps.

I threw me at his feet,
In bitterneſs of heart:
My piercing cries aſſail'd his ſeat;
Will, will my God depart?

Is it thy way to leave
A turning ſinner ſo [r]?
Thy joy a broken heart to grieve [s],
And quench the ſmoking tow [t]?

Ah! no—'tis thy delight
To hear confeſſion's breath [u]:
To ſet the ſtraying footſtep right [w],
And ſave a ſoul from death [x].

---

[r] Pſalm IX. 10. [s] Pſalm LI. 17.
[t] Iſaiah XLII. 3. [u] Pſalm XXXII. 5.
[w] Pſalm XXIII. 3. CXIX. 176.
[x] Ezek. XXXIII. 11.

O plen-

O plentiful in love [y],
O ready to forgive [z],
Let ſighs and tears thy bowels move [a];
Say to a ſinner, "live."

XXXVI.

MOURNING AFTER GOD.

WHAT new offence, what unknown deed
Has driv'n my God away [b]?
Why is it that in vain I plead?
Oh! why this long delay?

Thoughts after thoughts all day enſue,
In melancholy train.
Sorrow, I lay me down with you,
With you I riſe again [c].

---

[y] Pſalm ciii. 3, 8, 9. [z] Pſalm lxxxvi. 5.
[a] Pſalm vi. 6. xxxix. 12. xxxi. 10.
[b] Job xxxiv. 32. Iſaiah lix. 2. [c] Pſalm xiii. 1, 2. xxxviii. 4, 6.

The holy leaves, I ſighing ſaid,
Will eaſe my preſſing woe:
Their light ſhall o'er my ſoul be ſpread,
Their comforts in me flow [d].

Eager the holy leaves I turn,
I ſtrain attention's pow'rs.
Alas! in darkneſs ſtill I mourn,
Still comfortleſs my hours.

Hope whiſpers, "in his holy place
Thou ſhalt the bleſſing find [e]."
Hope bluſhes, for he hides his face;
And grief o'erwhelms my mind.

Yet I will ſeek him till I die;
Who always ſought in vain [f]?
His heart is kind, his pow'r is nigh,
And pray'r his ear will gain [g].

---

[d] Pſalm CXIX. 50, 130. [e] Pſalm LXIII. 2. LXV. 4. [f] Pſalm IX. 10. XXVII. 14. Iſaiah XLV. 19. [g] Pſalm LXV. 2.

XXXVII.

THE RESOLUTION.

HOW long ere weeping Elegy
Bid me adieu, and haſte away?
How long, ere ſweet Euphroſyne [h]
To me her ſparkling charms diſplay?

Not while my God in frowns conceals [i],
The beauties of his ſmiling face:
Not till my longing boſom feels,
The extaſies of pard'ning grace.

Not till, in pow'r immortal ſtrong,
I burſt the iron yoke of ſin;
Till, number'd with the ranſom'd throng,
Their heav'n within my ſoul begin.

---

[h] Joy. [i] Pſalm LXXVII. 2—4.

Come, hour long ſought; on rapid wing
Bear thy ſweet inmate, holy Mirth.
Then, then my ſounding voice ſhall ſing,
The wonders of celeſtial birth.

XXXVIII.

TRANSIENT GOODNESS.

WHERE, O my ſoul, O where
Thy image ſhall I view?
In the light cloud which melts in air,
Or in the early dew [k].

This hour, with flowing tears
My follies I bewail:
The next, my heart a waſte appears,
Where all the fountains fail.

[k] Hoſ. vi. 4.

Now

Now, as the wax in flame
Diſſolves, and loves the ſeal;
The tend'reſt touch of grief and ſhame
Alternately I feel.

To day, her glimmering light
Hope kindles in my breaſt:
The morrow, with deſpair's black night,
Has all my ſoul oppreſt.

O my unſtedfaſt mind,
Toſt between good and ill!
With ſteady courſe the brutal kind
Their Maker's law fulfill.

O miſerable ſtate,
Of hope by fear ſubdu'd!
On thee, O Lord, for help I wait;
Fix, fix my ſoul in good [1].

---

[1] James i. 8. 1 Pet. v. 10.

XXXIX.

DEJECTION.

AH! never, never ſhall I taſte the joy
Which to thy children, Lord, belongs [m]?
Never one favour'd pray'r my tongue employ,
In melody of Zion's ſongs!

Thou fulgent lamp, in whoſe all-cheering beams
The living clans of earth rejoice;
While fields, and hills, and woods, and ſparkling ſtreams
Eccho to joy's exulting voice;

To me, alas! the light of morning gay,
Like gloom of midnight is diſplay'd:
To me thy noontide and thy weſtern ray,
Is all but melancholy ſhade.

---

[m] Pſalm cvi. 4, 5.

A weight

A weight of woe lies heavy on my heart,
Whole days and tedious months I mourn;
Since the ſad hour I felt my God depart:
Ah! never will my God return [n]?

Life's ſweet amuſements all in vain engage,
To yield my troubled ſoul relief:
Nor friendly converſe, nor the ſtory'd page,
Can charm to peace my reſtleſs grief.

Lord, yield one gracious look: one ſmile of thine
Shall cauſe my raviſh'd heart to bound;
More than the ſeaſon of o'erflowing wine,
When the glad vintage-ſhouts reſound [o].

---

[n] Pſalm LXXVII. 7—9. [o] Pſalm IV. 6, 7.

XL.

ADDRESS TO JESUS CHRIST.

IMMANUEL, Saviour, meek and mild,
To thee I pour my moan.
Behold a wretch, with ſin defil'd,
Who looks to thee alone [p].

O Prince of life, all pow'r is thine
To pardon and ſubdue [q]:
My pardon, in thy mercy, ſign,
My ſoul to God renew.

Give to thy holy angels joy [r],
Their hallelujahs fire:
Let thy rich grace to me employ,
Afreſh, each golden Lyre.

---

[p] John iii. 14. compared with Numb. xxi. 9. Acts iv. 12. Eph. i. 12. Jude 20, 21.

[q] Acts iii. 15. v. 31. Matt. ix. 6. xxviii. 19.

[r] Luke xv. 7.

Me a new captive in thy train,
And in thy book [s] enroll'd;
Me a new glory of thy reign,
Let thy great Sire behold.

O thou, who in thy mortal days
Didſt with the ſighing ſigh;
Shall not my tears thy pity raiſe,
Though now thou art ſo high?

Who ever humbly kneel'd in vain,
Before thy gracious ſeat?
O do not my warm ſuit diſdain,
Nor puſh me from thy feet [t]!

---

[s] Luke x. 20. Revel. xxi. 27.
[t] Matt. xi. 28. John vi. 37.

XLI.

COMPLAINT.

HOW ſtrange are his myſterious ways!
What numbers can his wonders tell?
My ſoul in vain the ſearch eſſays,
'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell [u].

Why did his hand, unſought by me,
Stop me in folly's fatal race?
Why teach my trembling ſoul, to flee
To Jeſus for his healing grace.

Why did he melt my heart, with grief
My treſpaſs in his ear to own?
Then ſudden check ſweet hope's relief?
And leave me hard again as ſtone?

---

[u] Job xi. 7—9. ix. 10.

[*] Ah!

Ah! did he ever thus forſake
The blind, who mourn'd for ſaving light?
Why ſuffer me one glance to take?
Then ſnatch the viſion from my ſight?

Was he, whoſe half-enlighten'd eye
Saw men appear as walking trees [w],
Left in the bitter miſery
Of a bewail'd half-cur'd diſeaſe?

Ceaſe, mortal ceaſe, in plaintive ſtrain,
Thy Maker's counſels to implead.
Wiſdom and mercy guide his reign,
In righteouſneſs his acts proceed [x].

How ſtrange are his myſterious ways!
What numbers can his wonders tell?
My toil in vain the ſearch eſſays,
'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell.

---

[w] Mark VIII. 24. [x] Pſalm CXLV. 17. Jer. IX. 24.

XLII.

THANKSGIVING.

YES—it was Thou, whoſe gracious care
Educ'd me from the womb,
Sent me to drink thy healthful air,
And nurs'd my tender bloom [y].

Thy gentle hand my feet upheld,
In childhood's ſlippery way:
Ere yet my tongue thy name had ſpell'd,
Thy name was all my ſtay [z].

My ripening years were ſtill purſu'd
With mercies from above:
Thy bounty raiment gave, and food,
And loaded me with love [a].

---

[y] Pſalm xxii. 9, 10. [z] Pſalm lxxi. 6.
[a] Job x. 12. Pſalm ciii. 2—5. cxxxix. 17, 18.

If trouble's heavy arm was near,
Thy pity felt my ſigh;
Knew all my ſorrow, all my fear,
And brought ſalvation nigh [b].

When I behold yon azure ſpace
Spangled with ſtars, and ſee
Th' imperial moon's refulgent face;
Wond'ring, I think on thee.

Lord, what is man, that man ſhould gain
Thy condeſcending view?
That e'er thy majeſty ſhould deign,
Such favour to renew [c]?

And what am I, leaſt worthy I
Of all who creep below,
That thou wilt paſs my follies by,
And ſo much goodneſs ſhow [d]?

---

[b] Pſalm xxxi. 7. xxxiv. 6. [c] Pſalm viii. 3, 4.
[d] Gen. xxxii. 10.

O ſummon thy whole ſtrength, my ſoul,
To bleſs thy God alone.
O memory, all his boons enroll;
I charge thee, loſe not one [e].

XLIII.

PRAYER
OF THE AFFLICTED YOUTH.

MY Sovereign, to thy throne
With awful hope I preſs.
Humble thyſelf to hear the groan
Of indigent diſtreſs.

Thy royal Prieſt appears
Before thee with his blood [f]:
Through him I offer theſe my tears [g],
And caſt my care on God [h].

---

[e] Pſalm CIII. 1, 2. [f] Heb. VII. 15—17.
[g] John XVI. 23, 24. Heb. IX. 24. [h] Pſalm LV. 22.

My youth, bow'd down with pain,
Mourns its decaying bloom.
Lord, clothe theſe bones with fleſh again;
O ſpare me from the tomb [i].

Without one murm'ring word,
Thy chaſt'ning I receive [k];
But aſk, ſubmiſſive, gracious Lord,
A merciful reprieve.

Day following day, my pray'r
Has wreſtled with thy grace.
Let not confuſion be the ſhare,
Of them who ſeek thy face [l].

Was e'er thy bounteous mind
Unwilling to beſtow [m]?
E'er to a ſinner's ſighs unkind,
Or in forgiving ſlow [n]?

---

[i] Pſalm xxxix. 13. cii. 24. Job xxxiii. 25.
[k] Pſalm xxxix. 9. Heb. xii. 5, 6. [l] Pſalm xxv. 3.
[m] James i. 5. [n] Pſalm lxxvi. 5. ciii. 8, 9.

Needy and poor, as now,
I once thy aid implor'd:
Thy pity heard affliction's vow,
Thy pow'r my health reſtor'd.

My ſupplicating voice
Unweary'd I will raiſe:
Say to thy ſervant's ſoul, "rejoice;"
And fill my tongue with praiſe [n].

XLIV.

SOLILOQUY.

DEEP, deep into thyſelf, my ſoul deſcend;
God calls aloud, with rev'rent ear attend.
Strikes he in vain? unmeaning was the blow [o]?
Sudden it fell, and menac'd death and woe;
Death to a life in which my life is bound,
Woe, woe to me, and never-healing wound:

---

[n] Pſalm XLII. 11.

[o] The ſmall-pox.

She

She lives! she lives! But Ah! is Heav'n appeas'd?
Or, next, am I the victim to be seiz'd?
Does old offence to his remembrance rise [p],
And bid the tear repentant fill my eyes?
My heart relents, my broken spirit mourns,
To thee, O Lord, my broken spirit turns.
Forgiving God, cast, cast my sins away,
Far as the rising from the setting day [q].
Spare me, O Lord, my tender offspring spare,
Let not the child the father's burden bear [r].
Avert this direful pest [s]. O heal my son,
Bid life's warm fluid through its channels run;
With healthful vigour bid the lungs inhale [t],
Eas'd of their load, thy vivifying gale.
With balmy hope erect his drooping mind,
With patience arm, and give the will resign'd.
Keep his youth pure, to shining virtue raise,
And crown that virtue with celestial praise.

---

[p] Psalm xxv. 6. [q] Psalm ciii. 12.
[r] Jer. xxxi. 29. Ezek. xviii. 2—4.
[s] The small-pox. [t] Asthma.

XLV.

THOUGHTS ON A PARTICULAR MERCY.

HAIL, dear abode; my irkſome exile [1] ends.
Farewel diſquietude and ſleepleſs care:
Come, Peace, with thy beatitudes: my friends,
Aſſiſt our triumph, and the feſtal ſhare.

Long has diſeaſe, Heav'n's miniſter, poſſeſs'd
This mourning manſion with her pois'nous train,
Indulgent Pow'r, forbid that evil gueſt
To trouble theſe deliver'd walls again.

Here may the pray'r, from undiſſembling tongue,
Sound into heav'n; the fervid praiſe aſcend,
Diurnal incenſe; and a gracious throng
Of bleſſings o'er this favour'd roof impend.

---

[1] On account of the ſmall-pox.

Hail

Hail ſweet retirement, where the Muſe once more
Shall in calm ſilence prune her ruffled wing;
With modern Bards and ancient wiſdom ſoar,
And mortal themes and themes immortal ſing.

All hail! thou nobleſt gift which Heav'n beſtow'd
On me unworthy, worthy to have loſt;
Dear fellow pilgrim on this earthly road,
The vale of grief, to the celeſtial coaſt.

Victorious in affliction's field, thy mind
Shines with new luſtre, in new graces dreſt;
Patience and faith thy head with garlands bind,
And God approves, and heav'n is in thy breaſt.

XLVI.

THE YOUTH's THANKSGIVING ODE.

[a]TO Jehovah, thou my ſoul
Give the tributary glory:
Mem'ry, all his love enroll,
Crowded is the boundleſs ſtory.

All thy maladies he heals,
All thy treſpaſſes forgiving:
Death's commiſſion he repeals,
He reſtores thee to the living.

Healthful viands he beſtows,
With new youth thy fleſh recruiting;
As an eagle's plumage grows,
With new vigour from their ſhooting.

---

[a] See Pſalm CIII.

With his love thy days are crown'd,
Thy requeſts are always near him:
High as heav'n above the ground,
Is that love to them who fear him.

They who fear him daily learn,
For their frailties his compaſſion:
So a father's mercies yearn,
To his children in tranſgreſſion.

Well he knows their fleſhly frame
Of weak elements compounded:
Nor is harſh their ſouls to blame,
With infirmities ſurrounded.

What is man? a feeble flow'r
For a ſeaſon ſweetly blooming;
Soon the rugged eaſt wind's pow'r
All its tender life conſuming.

In the evening tall and fair,
Gone for ever in the morning;
Seen no more, forgotten where
Once it ſtood the field adorning.

XLVII.

PAIN.

YE tedious hours of pain,
When will ye roll away?
Ah! when ſhall I enjoy, again,
The well man's eaſy day?

[w] *Lives*, then, the child of ſin,
Yet breathes impatient ſighs?
Know, from thyſelf thy woes begin,
From guilt thy ſorrows riſe.

Is not thy Maker love[x]?
Is not his anger ſlow[y]?
Do not our griefs his pity move?
Can he enjoy our woe[z]?

---

[w] Lament. III. 39.
[x] 1 John IV. 16.
[y] Nehem. IX. 17.
[z] Lament. III. 32, 33.

Compaſ-

Compaſſionate, he ſees
His human offspring ſtray;
And oft commiſſions ſharp diſeaſe
Our wild career to ſtay [a].

Soon as contrition's eye
Is full, with humble tear;
He bids all-healing mercy fly,
The fainting heart to cheer [b].

O the reviving grace
His promiſes diſtill!
Almighty anodyne! they chaſe
The pain from every ill [c].

Learn, learn, my ſoul, to wait,
Till thy releaſe is giv'n.
Bleſs him, who made a ſuff'ring ſtate
The pupillage for heav'n.

---

[a] Job xxxiii. 19. Heb. xii. 10. [b] Job xxiii. 27, 28. [c] Pſalm cxix. 50.

XLVIII.

RECOVERY.

HOW lively the pleaſure ſucceeding to pain!
When diſeaſe ſays "adieu;" and health comes again,
New braces the limbs, new enlightens the eyes,
And the faint-beating heart with ſpirits ſupplies.

The mariner, when his rough voyage is o'er,
Talks over his perils, exulting on ſhore:
The wind in his canvaſs ſtill thund'ring he hears,
The high foaming billows ſtill claſh in his ears.

So let me revolve the long weariſome night,
Of ſorrow's lone room and ſorrow's ſharp fight;
The ſtorms of fierce pain, hot fever's ſtrong thirſt,
And the bubble of life juſt ready to burſt.

As a bird manumis'd eſſays his rude wings,
Expatiates in air, and a loud carol ſings;
Enlarging my ſteps, o'er the fields I will rove,
And join the full choir that enlivens the grove.

Bright

Bright ſun, how delightſome to feel thy warm ray!
Your ſtreams, ye gay meadows, how ſweet to ſurvey!
Delicious perfume floats along in the gale,
Freſh ſpirits and force with each guſt I inhale.

Now my friends I embrace, their converſe enjoy,
My ſtation's great duties my time now employ.
The mind its accuſtom'd exertions diſplays,
The body, recruited for labour, obeys.

All praiſe to my God, who in mercy repriev'd
A ſinner from death, and his anguiſh reliev'd:
To ſave me from ruin he chaſten'd my faults,
And to care of my ſoul awaken'd my thoughts.

Who, unwilling to bruiſe a reptile of duſt,
His ſtroke long delays, though the ſtripe would be juſt:
At laſt when he ſmites (for to anger he's ſlow)
With a father's ſoft hand he tempers the blow[d].

By him I revive, with my juvenile bloom;
And my pow'rs of thinking new vigour reſume.
To him while I breathe, devout homage I'll bring,
My portion, my hope, and my almighty king.

---

[d] Prov. iii. 11, 12.

XLIX.

THE AGED MINISTER

FALLING DOWN IN A FAINTING FIT IN THE PLACE AND TIME OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

WHAT a ſudden pauſe is here!
Silence ſtops the pray'r aſcending—
Pannic ſmites attention's ear,
Order in confuſion blending.

Son of wiſdom, ſaint, awake
From the trance of fainting nature.
Cloud on reaſon's organ, break;
Gracious God, the darkneſs ſcatter.

Does the king of fears advance,
His black hoſt of pains diſplaying?
Does he ſhake his murd'ring lance?
Empty terrors, undiſmaying.

Upwards

Upwards turn thy raviſh'd eyes,
See the world of glory moving,
From their thrones the juſt ariſe;
See thy God with ſmiles approving.

On the verge of heav'n they ſtand,
Thy expected flight beholding:
See the crown in Jeſus' hand,
See the gate of pearl unfolding.

From his trance the ſaint awakes,
Heav'n conſenting to reſtore him,
From our lips the triumph breaks;
Late, O late, may we deplore him.

L.

THE AGED MINISTER

OBLIGED BY ILL HEALTH TO LAY DOWN HIS OFFICE.

HOW pleaſant roll'd the days!
When, hanging o'er my head,
Thy lamp, O Lord, its vivid rays
Around my footſteps ſpread [e]:

When all my vigorous pow'rs
Sent all their ſtrength abroad;
And fill'd up all my active hours
With ſervice of my God:

When crowds about me hung,
Impatient for the theme
Divine, ſweet-flowing from my tongue,
And drank ſalvation's ſtream.

---

[e] Job xxix. 3.

Now

Now darkneſs caſts her veil
All o'er my troubled ſky.
Thy hand afflicting I bewail;
Thy healing hand apply.

Shall a ſlack'd thread of clay
Untune the reas'ning mind?
Shall memory mourn her ſtores, a prey
To malady reſign'd?

God of my frame, I bow
My reaſon to thy will:
And only breathe this humble vow,
May I thy work fulfill [f].

---

[f] 2 Tim. iv. 5.

LI.

TRUST IN THE PROMISE OF PARDON.

WHEREFORE this ſlowneſs to believe
The God who cannot lie?
How can my feeble thoughts conceive
Of clemency ſo high?

Alas, my ſins! their ſum ſo great,
And of ſo foul a die!
Will he forgive th' enormous debt?
O clemency, ſo high!

His thoughts of mercy are immenſe;
Above our thoughts they fly,
Lofty as heav'n above our ſenſe.
O clemency, ſo high!

---

[g] Iſaiah lv. 8, 9.

A Magdalen, in tears, found grace,
Yea a Manaſſeh's ſigh.
From Peter did he turn his face?
O clemency, ſo high!

[h] Did he not yield his deareſt child,
For rebel men, to die?
Will he not now be reconcil'd?
O clemency, ſo high!

[i] Or fails the value of that blood
For mercy ſtill to cry?
Has he forgotten to be good?
O clemency, ſo high!

Ah! if he will my much forgive [k],
Whoſe love ſhall mine outvie?
Him I will ſing, to him will live.
O clemency, ſo high!

Riſe, riſe my ſoul, his goodneſs praiſe,
And on his truth rely:
Jeſus th' eternal bond [l] diſplays.
O clemency, ſo high!

---

[h] Rom. v. 6—10.
[k] Luke VII. 47.
[i] Heb. XII. 24. IX. 14.
[l] Heb. XIII. 20.

LII.

TRUST IN THE PROMISE OF DIVINE ASSISTANCE.

O Folly, chief in folly's ſhame!
O baſeneſs, of the baſeſt name!
Him to reſiſt, reſiſting grieve [m],
Who ſought thy miſery to relieve;

Show'd thee thy ſins [n], thy danger ſhow'd,
Warn'd to eſcape, diſplay'd the road;
And, with his gentle touches, ſtrove
To win poſſeſſion of thy love.

Illúminating Spirit, ſhine
Once more; and make my ſoul thy ſhrine [o]:
Thy work of ſanctity revive [p],
Once more with me unworthy ſtrive [q].

---

[m] Acts VII. 51. Epheſ. IV. 30. [n] John XVI. 8.
[o] Rom. VIII. 9. [p] 2 Theſſ. II. 13. 1 Pet. I, 2.
[q] Gen. VI. 3.

I fear he will not: dark, forlorn,
With tears I've woo'd him to return:
He ſtands aloof; though ſtill I pray.
O inſupportable delay!

Ah! how ſhall I, thus left alone,
O'ercome my ſins now ſtronger grown?
How gain that faith [r], whoſe ſtrength ſubdues
The world with all its tempting views [s]?

How, ever, ſhall my ſoul poſſeſs
The placid joys of righteouſneſs;
The cheering hopes, the pure deſires,
And all which love to God inſpires?

I hear, I hear a gentle voice;
"Rejoice, dejected ſoul, rejoice.
"'Tis mine the ſpirit to beſtow [t],
"The glorious purchaſe of my woe.

---

[r] Epheſ. ii. 8. [s] 1 John v. 4.
[t] John xiv. 26. xv. 26. xvi. 7. Rom. viii. 9.

" My Father glorifies my name,
" From him this high donation came [w].
" Aſk, ſeek, purſue; the noble boon
" Shall crown thy ardent wiſhes ſoon [v]."

My ſoul, thy drooping courage raiſe,
Prepare, prepare the ſong of praiſe;
And, ſhaking off the mourner's duſt,
Fulfillment of the promiſe truſt.

LIII.

FEAR OF GOD.

TREMENDOUS Author of our frame,
Holy and rev'rend is thy name [x].
Where in the ranks of Being round
Can, mighty God, thy peer be found [y]?

---

[w] John xvi. 14. Acts ii. 33. iii. 13.
[v] Matt. vii. 7, 8, 11. Luke xi. 13. [x] Pſalm cxi. 9. [y] Iſaiah xl. 25.

High

High Lord of life and King of death,
Worlds riſe and vaniſh at thy breath [z].
Thou humbleſt thy majeſtic ſight,
To view a Seraph and a mite [a].

The nations, in thy loſty eye,
Are nothing, leſs than vanity [b].
Who againſt thee ſhall lift his hand?
Againſt thy terrors who can ſtand [c]?

But, O how bleſt, moſt gracious Lord,
The ſouls that tremble at thy word;
Thy anger to inflame afraid,
In noon-day beam and midnight ſhade;

The ſouls, whom rev'rence of thy will
Keeps from the bounding line of ill.
With ſuch thy dwelling [d] is; on thoſe
Thy peace its filling joys beſtows.

---

[z] Pſalm LXVIII. 20.
[a] Pſalm CXIII. 6.
[b] Iſaiah XL. 17.
[c] Job XLI. 10.
[d] Iſaiah LVII. 15.

Thy wiſdom guides [e], thy pow'r defends
Their life, till life its journey ends [f]:
Death ſhall convey them to the land
Where all thy ſaints before thee ſtand [g].

O that my ſoul with awful ſenſe
Of thy tranſcendent excellence,
May cloſe the day, the day begin;
Jealous of every budding ſin [h].

Never, O never, from my heart
May this great principle depart:
But act with unrelaxing pow'r
Within me, to my mortal hour.

---

[e] Pſalm xxv. 12, 14. [f] Pſalm xxxi. 19, 20. Heb. xiii. 5. [g] Iſaiah lvii. 1, 2. Pſalm i. 5.
[h] Prov. xxiii. 17.

LIV.

TRUST IN DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

ANXIOUS cares and boding fears,
Vexers of my ſoul, away.
'Tis not chance that rolls the ſpheres,
'Tis not chance that rules the day.

Who to man his lot decides?
He that man and all things made,
Who the good and ill divides?
He that form'd the light and ſhade [i].

Can thy painful thought increaſe
In thy height a ſingle ſpan [k]?
Yet thy life uphold in peace?
Is all that the work of man?

Fooliſh mortals, bend your toil
Heav'nly treaſure to ſecure:
Then, upon this earthly ſoil,
Of all needful things be ſure [l].

---

[i] Iſaiah XLV. 7. [k] Matt. VI. 27. Luke XII. 25, 26. [l] Matt. VI. 33.

Well

Well, your heav'nly Father knows
For your wants the fit ſupply [m]:
He on you his heav'n beſtows [n]:
Will he meat on earth deny?

Dread not ſlander, nor diſeaſe [o],
Safe beneath almighty ſhade:
If your proving he decrees,
Truſt in his ſupporting aid.

Not a ſparrow falls to earth [p],
Without God's permiſſive will:
Far exceeding is your worth,
Who his holy laws fulfill.

Child of God, in death's dark vale [q]
On thy father's goodneſs lean:
He will ne'er his children leave,
In their laſt and trying ſcene.

---

[m] Matt. vi. 32. [n] Luke xii. 32.
[o] Job v. 21. Pſalm xci. 3—7.
[p] Luke xii. 7. [q] Pſalm xxiii. 4. Heb. xiii. 5.

LV.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

GOD reigns: Events in order flow,
Man's induſtry to guide[r];
But in a diff'rent channel go,
To humble human pride.

The ſwift not always, in the race,
Shall ſeize the crowning prize:
Not always wealth and honour grace
The labour of the wiſe[s].

Fond mortals but themſelves beguile,
While on themſelves they reſt.
Blind is their wiſdom, weak their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unbleſt[t].

---

[r] Prov. x. 4. [s] Eccleſ. ix. 11.
[t] Pſalm cxxvii. 1.

Go,

Go, huſbandman, the ſoil prepare,
Caſt in the precious grain.
To thee belongs the ſun, and air?
Doſt thou command the rain?

Ye crafty, ſcheme your winding way,
God ſhall confound your ſkill [u]:
Know, time and accident obey
His all-directing will.

Evil and good before him ſtand,
His miſſion to perform:
The bleſſing comes at his command,
At his command the ſtorm.

O Lord, in all our ways we'll own
Thy providential pow'r [x];
Intruſting to thy care alone
The lot of every hour.

---

[u] Job. v. 12. [x] Prov. III. 5, 6.

LVI.

PROSPERITY.

RICHES, in copious ſtreams,
From every quarter flow:
Not one of all my fertile ſchemes
Feels an abortive throe.

My freighted veſſels ſail
A length of ocean o'er;
And bring me, with a ſpeeding gale,
New wealth from every ſhore.

My ſoul, thy warm deſires
Indulge in all delight y.
Seize whatſoe'er thy fancy fires,
Or raviſhes thy ſight.

Roll in the gilded car,
The rural palace rear:
There every gate, and opening, bar
To charity and fear.

---

y Luke xii. 19.

Bid

Bid Luxury employ
Her ſkill, thy taſte to pleaſe.
Call thy rich friends to ſhare the joy [z],
And ſwim in mirth and eaſe.

To-day, in jocund bowls
Drown, drown forecaſting thought:
The morrow leave to gloomy ſouls,
Who dread they know not what.

Thou fool, thy ſoul this eve [a]
Stern ſummons ſhall demand.
Whoſe name ſhall then thy houſe receive?
For whom thy coffers ſtand?

---

[z] Luke xiv. 12. [a] Luke xii. 20.

LVII.

WORLDLY-MINDEDNESS.

YE fleſhly luſts, ye greedy cares
For this frail maſs of clay;
For life which every pulſe impairs,
For joys which paſs away;

No more my ſimple heart inſlave,
No more my time conſume.
Your works are finiſh'd in the grave,
Your pleaſures in the tomb.

But Oh! beyond the tomb there lies
The dungeon of deſpair:
Thither the fleſhly ſpirit flies,
To dwell in darkneſs there.

The guilty ſpirit there ſhall quake,
With ſouls of kindred ſin:
Till wrath's loud voice their duſt awake,
New ſuff'rings to begin.

Then

Then ſhall the lake of ſulphur blaze,
Fir'd by avenging breath;
On them its quenchleſs fury preys—
Behold the *ſecond death* [b]!
Awful ſeverity! O fear,
Worldlings, your Maker's hate [c].
His mercy's timely warnings hear,
Leſt weeping come too late.

LVIII.

THE RICH EPICURE [d].

IS this the man, on earth ſo gay?
In ſplendor, there, and rich array,
With daily feaſt and pamper'd eaſe,
He ſtudy'd every ſenſe to pleaſe.

[b] Rom. viii. 6. Revel. xxi. 8.
[c] Pſalm v. 5. Iſaiah xxvii. 11.
[d] Luke xvi. 19, &c.

Alas,

Alas, how chang'd! now doom'd to dwell
In the devouring flames of hell.
All wild with pain, he lifts his eyes
Up to the hills of paradiſe.

There he beholds at Abraham's ſide
The lazar, who of hunger dy'd;
Whoſe fruitleſs cries had oft implor'd
The offals of his waſteful board.

O Father Abraham, he ſaid,
"Send, ſend, in mercy, to my aid
"Good Lazarus, to cool my tongue;
"With flame and raging thirſt I'm ſtung."

The patriarch ſpoke: Thy good, my ſon,
Is paſt; on earth its courſe was run.
Paſt are the ills, which Laz'rus bore;
The beggar Laz'rus weeps no more.

By equal retribution, know,
His lot is joy, but thine is woe.
Unpaſſable, by fix'd decree,
Is the deep gulf 'tween us and thee.

LIX.

ADVERSITY.

HOW high our ſanguine hopes we raiſe!
How hotly our deſires purſue
What fancy's magic glaſs diſplays
Enlarg'd, and tempting to the view!
Theſe mortal objects of our love
Too cloſely twine about our heart,
Seduce our ſouls from things above,
And hardly leave to God a part.

O bitter change! when Heav'n's kind hand
Snatches the fatal joy away,
Our feeble reaſon ſcarce can ſtand
Firm, in affliction's ſtormy day.

We weep, we laugh, in mad extreme;
Here, all delight; all ſadneſs, there:
Now on the mount of bliſs we ſeem,
Now in the quagmire of deſpair.

Stoics,

Stoics, who on your ſtrength preſume,
Could all your toiling wiſdom find
A light to cheer affliction's gloom,
A balſam for the wounded mind?

In vain you hail him good and great,
Whoſe ſtedfaſt ſoul no ills can move;
Boaſt him impregnable to fate,
And equal to your mighty Jove.

Jeſus, our aking hearts we bring
To learn philoſophy from thee.
Thy words can make the mourner ſing,
And grief become a jubilee [e].

Vain world, whoſe ſcenes of bliſs and woe
Are ſhifting every fleeting hour;
No longer ſhall our ſpirits owe
Their peace, or trouble, to thy pow'r.

Teach us, thou Comforter divine,
Contentment; ſhould our all be gone:
Teach us ſubmiſſion meek as thine,
"Father thy will, not mine, be done."

---

[e] Matt. xi. 28—30. John xiv. 27.

LX.

RESIGNATION.

NEW to the ſea of life, with eaſy ſail
(Smooth was the wave and bright the day)
My gilded bark before the fav'ring gale,
Freighted with pleaſure, ſkimm'd its way.

Fallacious ſcene! in fulneſs of delight
The heav'ns with ſudden darkneſs frown'd:
The ſtorm came thundering down, in one black night
All, all my flatt'ring hopes were drown'd.

O why ſo ſwift the ſtroke, and ſo ſevere?
Whoſe ſorrow can compare with mine?
Unwarn'd, undiſciplin'd to changes here,
Muſt I at once my all reſign?

Why

Why not reſign? the bleſſing was but lent,
Its uſe but for a ſeaſon giv'n;
His the ſole title who the bleſſing ſent,
Now only render'd back to Heav'n [f].

Too rich a treaſure to be long poſſeſs'd!
'Twas happineſs, alas too great!
Enjoyment high, with fond embrace careſs'd
Too ardent for a mortal ſtate.

O how this faithleſs world has chang'd its face!
How poor appears the bliſs of kings!
O worſt of lunacy, for ſouls to place
Their all in periſhable things!

Short is the time, ere time ſhall be no more;
And earth and all its works ſhall die:
Far ſhorter, ere to me this ſcene be o'er;
Shifted to vaſt eternity [g].

---

[f] Job i, 21. [g] 1 Cor. vii, 31.

Why then theſe fruitleſs tears, and waſting ſighs?
Come, faith, and mount me on thy wing:
Bear me, O bear me, far beyond the ſkies,
To worlds where joys immortal ſpring [b].

LXI.

VICISSITUDE; OR, JOY AFTER SORROW.

NOT always will the ſky pour down,
From ſullen clouds, theſe fluicy rains;
Which every pleaſing landſkip drown,
And ſadden and deform the plains.

Not always ſhall the foreſt groan
With ſhatt'ring winds; the mourning trees
Ever their leafleſs arms bemoan:
Nor ſtorm perpetual vex the ſeas.

[b] 2 Corinth. iv. 17, 18.

On rugged winter treads the ſpring,
That gentle ſeaſon of delight:
And darkneſs flees before the wing
Of morn, infus'd in golden light.

Thus in the varying times of man,
Which God's eternal counſel guides;
Smiles follow weeping, in the plan[i]
By law unerring as the tides.

Should now the Heav'n-directed wheel
Aloft our adverſe moments raiſe;
Onward, behind, the proſp'ring ſteal,
Promiſe of joy-revolving days.

Mortal, adapt thy pliant mind[k]
To all the changes that are giv'n;
Wiſely rejoicing, or reſign'd,
Ne'er ſtrive againſt the ſchemes of Heav'n.

---

[i] Eccleſiaſtes III. 4. [k] Eccleſiaſtes VII. 14.

LXII.

FAITH IN GOD

THE REMEDY FOR WORLDLY FEAR AND GRIEF.

WHY does my coward heart
Yield up itſelf to *fear*?
Why thus at diſtant danger ſtart,
And die when danger's near?

Shall faith let go her hold?
Faith makes the tim'rous brave [l],
Is the Almighty arm grown old,
And impotent to ſave [m]?

---

[l] Heb. xi. 34. [m] Iſaiah l. 2.

Why

Why thus diſquieted, my ſoul [n],
By hopeleſs *grief* devour'd;
When waves on waves of trouble roll,
In ſtorms around thee pour'd?

Hope thou in God; He'll not diſdain
His children in diſtreſs:
His hand their burden will ſuſtain,
His grace their ſorrows bleſs.

Ah! could I hope, that He
My ſoul has reconcil'd [o];
Courage would ſpring and joy, in me
His much-offending child.

His powerful love, I know,
Is watchful o'er the juſt.
Virtue is all he loves below [p],
The reſt is droſs and duſt.

---

[n] Pſalm XLII. 5, 11. [o] 2 Corinth. v. 19. Rom. v. 10. [p] Pſalm XXXIII. 13—18. Pſalm XXXIV. 15, 16. Pſal. CXIX. 119.

O Thou, whose glory is to break
Sin's miserable chain [q],
Jesus, my rescue undertake,
Me, me to virtue gain.

This desert, then, I'll travel through
Chearful, without dismay;
Beholding, with the righteous few,
The leader of our way [r].

---

[q] Luke iv. 18, 21. John viii. 36.
[r] Heb. xii. 2.

LXIII.

CARE OF THE SOUL.

WHY came I here? What have I done,
Since life began its race to run?
Have I been thoughtleſs of the goal,
Following the inconſiderate ſhoal,
And ruining my ſoul?

Why thus for trifles will I ſtrive?
Is it for trifles that I live?
Trifles my weak affections ſtole.
Theſe trifles ſhall I make my whole?
For theſe exchange my ſoul?

In pleaſure will I melt my days?
Hate ſerious thought and ſerious ways?
In mirth's perpetual circle roll,
Cards, ſhows, and dances, and the bowl;
Till I have loſt my ſoul?

I'll

I'll ſwell my bags with golden ſtore:
I'll count my ſpreading acres o'er.
What though they ſpread from pole to pole,
Where is the luere of the whole,
If purchas'd with my ſoul [a]?

Spring up, and ſoar, with vigorous wings,
Above theſe ſublunary things;
To ſenſual worldlings leave the whole,
To fools ſhort-ſighted as the mole.
Be mindful of thy ſoul.

Be ſerious ere it is too late,
Redeem for heav'n probation's ſtate,
Let God's commands thy life control,
Then nothing fear beyond the goal.
[b] *Save thy immortal ſoul.*

---

[a] Mark VIII. 36. [b] Ezek. XVIII. 27.

LXIV.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TIME.

TIME, Time, how few thy value weigh!
How few will eſtimate a day[a]!
Days, months and years keep rolling on,
The ſoul neglected and undone.

In painful cares, or empty joys,
Our life its precious hours deſtroys:
While death ſtands watching at our ſide,
Eager to ſtop the living tide.

Was it for this, ye mortal race,
The Maker gave you here a place?
Was it for this, his thought deſign'd
The frame of your immortal mind?

---

[a] Epheſ. v. 16, 17. Eccleſ. ix. 10.

For

For lofty cares, for joys ſublime,
He faſhion'd you the ſons of time;
Pilgrims of time, ere long to be
The dwellers in eternity.

This ſeaſon of your being, know,
Is portion'd you your deeds to ſow.
Wiſdom's and folly's differing grain
In future worlds is bliſs and pain [w].

Be warn'd. Each night the day review,
Idle, or buſy; ſearch it through:
And while probation's minutes laſt,
Let every day amend the paſt.

---

[w] Gal. vi. 7, 8.

LXV.

THE TIME OF PROBATION.

"BY my own endleſs life I ſwear[x]"
(Strange language of almighty breath!)
"My bowels of compaſſion ſhare
"No pleaſure in a ſinner's death.

"O that the wicked would forſake
"The guilty tenor of his ways!
"Turn, turn ye, of my grace partake;
"Salvation ſtill it's joys diſplays."

Mercy, the time appointed, waits[y]
The time of trial meet for all:
And heav'n, unfolding wide her gates,
Rejoices in the gracious call.

---

[x] Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

[y] Iſaiah xxx. 18. 2 Pet. iii. 9.

Warnings divine forbid delay,
And conſcience cries aloud; return,
While life's warm current works its way,
Still guſhing from its tender urn,

Momentous ſeaſon! ſhort, or long,
As God's impartial will decides;
Who, clear of cruelty and wrong,
To every man its bound divides.

Sinner, *thy* ſeaſon is unknown
To thee, no ſubject of thy pow'r.
Raſh ſinner, wilt thou dare poſtpone
Repentance to ſome diſtant hour?

Should e'er that diſtant hour arrive,
More yielding will thy paſſions grow [z]?
And weaker thou, victorious ſtrive
Againſt thy ſtrong augmented foe?

Ingrate! will thus thy ſtubborn heart
Long-ſuffering lenity withſtand?
Thus God's benignant counſels thwart?
Thus force down his deſtroying hand?

---

[z] Heb. iii. 13. iv. 7.

His

His goodneſs if thou wilt deſpiſe,
His aggravated vengeance dread;
When he in boundleſs wrath will riſe,
And pour his terrors on thy head [a].

LXVI.

TEMPTATION BY THE DEVIL.

IS he, alas! allow'd
To range this earth at will;
The prince of darkneſs, with his crowd
Of demons bent on ill?

Is he, whoſe envious guile
Seduc'd incautious Eve [b],
Suffer'd to practice every wile
Her offspring to deceive?

---

[a] Rom. ii. 4, 5. [b] 2 Corinth. xi. 3. 1 Corinth. vii. 5. Eph. vi. 11. Rev. xx. 3, 7, 8.

As the fierce lion prowls
For rapine, through the wood;
Does this fierce ſpirit hunt our ſouls [c],
Athirſt for human blood [d]?

Can he preſent the charm
That will our paſſions fire [e]?
Our boſoms can his fury ſtorm
With criminal deſire?

Myſterious, mournful ſtate
Of man beneath the ſun!
But who a claim will arrogate,
To blame what God has done?

Children, your Father's name
In thankful ſong reſound.
The great Redeemer ſing, who came
Your enemy to confound [f].

---

[c] 1 Pet. v. 8.
[d] John VIII. 44.
[e] Luke XXII. 3, 31.
[f] 1 John III. 8.

Truſt in his pow'r, confide
In his benevolent heart.
By the bold tempter he was try'd,
He baffled all his art [g].

Truſt in his promiſe; ſtand,
Reſolv'd, againſt the foe:
The coward, at his dread command,
Shall flee to hell below [h].

LXVII.

INTEGRITY TOWARDS GOD.

AH! what avail's confeſſion's tongue,
Without compunction's ſmart?
What value in thankſgiving ſong,
Without a thankful heart?

---

[g] Matt. iv. 1, &c. Heb. ii. 18.
[h] 1 Pet. v. 9. James iv. 7.

What is the virtue, which untry'd
From vicious taint is pure?
Gold will the fiery proof abide,
And truth the teſt endure.

Glorious Integrity! which loves
Thee, Lord, alone to pleaſe [i]:
Which its unfeign'd devotion proves,
In trouble and in eaſe:

Which, when temptations ſwarm around,
Reſiſts; and looks to thee:
And, nobly firm, maintains its ground.
Glorious Integrity!

Which nouriſhes no favourite ſin [k],
To all obedience free [l];
Zealous of ſanctity within.
Glorious Integrity!

---

[i] John xii. 43. Gal. i. 10. 1 Theſſ. ii. 4.
[k] Pſalm xix. 12.
[l] Pſalm cxix. 6. cxxxix. 23, 24.

O happy

O happy they! whoſe conſcience clear
To thy atteſt can flee[m],
In every ſtrait and every fear.
Glorious Integrity!

To theſe, thy condeſcending throne
Allows their humble plea[n]:
Theſe, as thy treaſure thou wilt own[o].
Glorious Integrity!

LXVIII.

INTEGRITY's APPEAL TO JESUS CHRIST.

JESUS, to whoſe all-ſeeing eye
My foes, my fears, my wants, are known;
In wants, in fears, from foes I fly,
For refuge, to thy pow'rful throne.

---

[m] Job xvi. 19. 2 Corinth. i. 8, 12.
[n] Pſalm xxxiv. 15. Prov. xv. 8.
[o] Malach. iii. 17.

Thy face, whoſe beams like lightning dart
On open guilt and cover'd guile;
Cheers with ſoft rays the upright heart,
And ſheds a heav'n in every ſmile.

To thee, O Lord, my humble breaſt
Appeals for its integrity[p];
All guile, all evil I deteſt,
Glowing with grateful love to thee.

Thy anger worſe than death I fear,
Thy favour more than life I prize.
O let my right in thee be clear,
I'll ſpurn at all beneath the ſkies.

---

[p] John ii. 25. xxi. 15. Rev. ii. 23.

LXIX.

INTEGRITY

IN SEARCHING FOR DIVINE TRUTH.

MASTER divine, with docile hearts we bring
Our reaſon to receive thy light[q].
Bright as unclouded morn thy words ſhall ſpring,
And ſweetly chaſe away our night.

Pure from its holy well, our ſouls will draw
Salvation's everlaſting ſtream.
No mortal names our heav'nly faith ſhall awe[r],
Vain their diſpleaſure and eſteem.

But O how childhood's wrongly-tutor'd age
Chains for the future man prepares[s]!
Our manhood from thoſe fetters diſengage,
And free from ſuperſtition's fears.

---

[q] Luke xii. 56, 57. Acts xvii. 11.
[r] Matt. xxiii. 10. John vii. 48. 2 Corinth. xi. 24. 1 Pet. v. 3. [s] John i. 46. vii. 27.

When human pride thy humbling truths arraigns,
May we to clear conviction bow:
Our fleshly lusts whene'er thy page restrains [t],
May we unfeign'd submission vow.

Come friendly Spirit, lead our searching thought [u];
All necessary truth reveal:
And every truth, deep in our bosoms wrought,
Stamp with thy sanctifying seal.

LXX.

INTEGRITY's IMPROVEMENT OF THE MEANS OF DIVINE KNOWLEGE.

THE more thy gospel is survey'd,
Blest Jesus, I the more approve.
Thy truths, thy law, thy promise weigh'd [w],
I fix my faith, my hope, my love.

---

[t] John III. 19—21. 1 Corinth. II. 14.
[u] John VII. 17. XVII. 17. Ephes. I. 17, &c.
[w] Luke XIV. 28—32.

Thus

Thus fix'd, unſhaken they remain;
Cheriſh'd with thy nutritious care:
And fruit, from an immortal grain,
Grateful to thee, O Father, bear [x].

Whether to thy creating will
Nobler or meaner gifts I owe;
May I my ſtewardſhip fulfill,
May I in faith and goodneſs grow.

Water'd by nature's richeſt ſtreams,
And by ſalvation's fountain fed;
On vigorous root, beneath thy beams,
Integrity exalts its head [y].

But though the toils of life oppreſs
My days, and few thy gifts to me;
My humble rank of virtue bleſs:
Thy love will bleſs integrity [z].

---

[x] Mark iv. 20. John xv. 1—5.
[y] Pſalm i. 3.
[z] Pſalm cxl. 13. Prov. xi. 20.

LXXI.

EQUITY OF THE DIVINE DISPENSATIONS.

WHO, gracious Father, ſhall complain
Under thy mild and equal reign [a]?
Who does a weight of duty ſhare,
More than his powers and aids can bear?

With differing climes, and differing lands,
With fertile plains, and barren ſands,
Thy wiſdom form'd this earthy round,
And ſet the nations in their bound [b].

Varied alike, thy moral ray
Here ſheds a full, there fainter day [c],
The God of all, unkind to none,
To all the path of life has ſhown [d].

---

[a] Jer. IX. 24. Pſalm XXXIII. 5. [b] Acts XVII. 26.
[c] Pſalm XXXIII. 12. CXLVII. 19, 20. Rom. I. 20. II. 14.
[d] Pſalm CXLV. 9. Acts XVII. 27. XIV. 17.

What if a people for his praiſe[e]
He form, and high in virtue raiſe
For high reward? Selected race,
Rejoice in this diſtinguiſh'd grace.

Rejoice; but O with holy fear,
With toil unwearied and ſevere,
Salvation's arduous work purſue[f],
And keep th' immortal crown in view.

Large is the bounty of his hand,
He will a large return demand[g].
Numbers will *wiſh* to enter in,
But few the gate of heaven will *win*[h].

---

[e] Matt. v. 3—11, 14—16, 44—48. Eph. i. 4—6. 1 Pet. ii. 9.

[f] Philip. ii. 12.

[g] Luke xii. 48.

[h] Luke xiii. 24. Matt. xi. 12. Luke xvi. 16.

LXXII.

GOVERNMENT OF THE BODY.

MY body's curious frame,
Full of wonders in each part,
O Lord, extols thy name;
Texture of thy ſovereign art[i].

Shall I, alas! abuſe
Organs of ſuch noble worth?
Service to thee refuſe
Slave to appetites of earth[k]?

Did not the Son of God
Dignify this work of clay?
Our mortal ground he trod,
Mortality his array.

---

[i] Pſalm cxxxix. 15—16.
[k] Rom. vi. 12, 13.

That

That which he rais'd ſo high,
I never more will diſgrace:
Never to ſin's employ
Theſe honour'd members debaſe.

The bodies of the juſt
For ſhrines of glory deſign'd,
Shall awake from the duſt,
Like their glorious Lord's refin'd [l].

O let my ſoul aſpire
A bliſs ſo great to ſecure:
It will my ardour fire
To keep my body all pure [m].

---

[l] Philip. III. 21. [m] Coloſſ. III. 4, 5.

LXXIII.

CHASTITY.

IMPURE desires, flee far away[n];
You that deflower the mind,
Ye sordid pleasures of a day
With lasting pain behind;

Ye fogs, which from corruption rise,
Eclipsing reason's light:
Which good and evil, truth and lies,
Confound in hellish night[o].

O alien from all good, from God
Wide wand'ring and estrang'd!
In vestal souls He makes abode,
With energy unchang'd.

---

[n] 2 Corinth. VII. 1. James I. 21.
[o] Rom. I. 26—28.

While

While o'er the ſacred page they bend,
Truth beams from every line:
And wonders, opening without end,
Tranſporting proſpect! ſhine.

Beneath the ſtrong enliv'ning ray,
Immortal vigour grows.
Immortal hopes the growth repay,
And heav'nly ſcenes diſcloſe.

Earth, at the voice which ſhakes the ſky,
Gives up her quick'ning mold:
The pure ſhall then, with angel-eye,
The face of God behold [p].

---

[p] Matt. v. 8.

LXXIV.

SPIRITUAL APPETITES AND GRATIFICATIONS.

POOR were the pleaſures of the feaſt
Perſia's high monarch held;
Though all the luxury of the eaſt
The ſumptuous banquet ſwell'd [q].

The luſcious diſh and flavorous bowl
A flaſh of rapture give:
But ſtarving, dying, is the ſoul;
Only the ſenſes live.

Raiſe nobler appetites in me,
My God, exalt my taſte;
Thy will my meal, and hope in thee
My feſtival repaſt [r].

---

[q] Eſther i. 3, &c.
[r] Job xxiii. 12. John iv. 32, 34.

There

There vaſt unlimited deſires
  Untir'd fruition find.
Fruition ſtill new thirſt inſpires,
  For new delights deſign'd [s].

There lively and heart-ſtrength'ning joys
  From ſelf-inſpection flow [t];
While life divine each hour employs;
  A paradiſe below!

With meditation's wing the ſoul
  Springs, up th' eternal hills:
At length, the ſtars beneath her roll,
  And heav'n her bliſs fulfills.

---

[s] Pſalm xxxvi. 8, 9. xxxvii, 4. Matt. v. 6.
[t] Prov. xiv. 14. xv. 15.

LXXV.

GOVERNMENT OF THE MIND.

IMPERIAL reaſon, hold thy throne.
Conſcience, to cenſure and approve
To thee belongs. Ye paſſions, own
Subjection, and in order move.

Inchanting order! peace how ſweet!
Delicious harmony within!
Bleſt ſelf-command, thy pow'r I greet.
Ah! when ſhall I ſuch empire win?

The hero's laurel fades, the fame
For boundleſs ſcience is but wind,
And Sampſon's ſtrength a brutal name,
Without dominion of the mind.

Sampſon

Sampſon behold, a harlot's ſlave!
The warlike David fell by love.
Vaſt knowledge fail'd his ſon to ſave[u]
From bowing [w] in Aſtarte's [x] grove.

The beauty and the pow'rful arms
Of ſelf-command, in juvenile fire,
See; when the miſtreſs ſpreads her charms
And tempts in vain her ſlave's deſire [y].

But, of all patterns moſt ſublime,
Jeſus, on thee I love to gaze.
O ſelf-command, to wond'ring time
Unknown in old and modern days!

Thy holy mind in reaſon ſtrong,
With paſſions regular and pure,
Pity'd the mighty and the throng,
In native dignity ſecure.

---

[u] 1 Kings IV. 29—34. [w] 2 Kings V. 18.
[x] Aſhtoreth (the moon) the Goddeſs of the Zidonians, 1 Kings XI. 2—8. 2 Kings XXIII. 13.
[y] Gen. XXXIX. 7—12.

Not offer of imperial pow'r [z],
Nor flattery's praiſe [a], nor foul diſgrace [b],
Nor cruel death's advancing hour [c],
Alter'd one feature in thy face.

Serene as heav'n, thy ſtedfaſt zeal
Duty with dazzling luſtre crown'd:
Till thy great work, to teach and heal,
Had meaſur'd its appointed bound [d].

With trembling feet, at diſtance I
Thy glorious footſteps would purſue.
Grant, that in me the marking eye
A ſketch of ſelf-command may view.

---

[z] Matt. IV. 8, 9, 10. John VI. 15.
[a] Matt. XXII. 16. Luke IX. 43, 44.
[b] Matt. IX. 24. Luke XVI. 14. John VIII. 48, 49.
[c] Mark X. 32—34. Luke IX. 51.
[d] Luke XIII. 32. John IX. 4.

LXXVI.

THE CONFLICT.

MY judgment, guided from above,
Shows me the way of truth and reſt;
Urges my ling'ring feet to move,
And ſmites reluctance in my breaſt [e].

Ah! wherefore do I not obey
Theſe friendly warnings of my mind?
What drives my fooliſh ſteps aſtray?
Another ſoul perverſe and blind?

'Tis fleſh, and lawleſs appetite;
Theſe againſt reaſon's ſway rebel:
Theſe to all ill my heart incite,
Theſe the loud voice of conſcience quell [f].

---

[e] Rom. vii. 15, 16, 22.
[f] Rom. vii. 18. Gal. v. 17.

I ſtruggle, but alas! in vain,
Too oft in vain! with furious tide
My paſſions ruſhing down amain
Too oft my beſt reſolves deride [g].

Ah! wretched me! what pow'r ſhall ſave
Me from the pow'r of ſin and death?
Thou, thou alone, whoſe mercy gave
For captive [h] men thy dying breath [i],

Come, Jeſus, with forgiving grace,
Come, with thy ſpirit and thy word;
My paſt iniquities efface,
And be my ſaviour and my Lord.

---

[g] Rom. VII. 19. [h] Rom. VII. 14, 23.
[i] Rom. VII. 24, 25. VIII. 1—3. Rom. V. 6, 8.

LXXVII.

KEEPING THE HEART.

SMILING pleaſures,
Glitt'ring treaſures,
Spreading all their dangers round,
Warn my ſteering,
Always fearing,
As through life my courſe I ſound.

Example alarms
With vice's ſtrong arms;
And faſhion's follies unite,
To draw me away,
From virtue's high way,
To ſin's illuſive delight.

Senſe inviting,
Paſſions fighting,
For indulgence of their joy;
Whither fleeing,
Shall my Being,
Here, in ſafety time employ?

With diligent ward,
Each avenue guard
That opens acceſs to the heart.
The fountain is there
Which, turbid or fair,
The ſtreams to life will impart [k].

From deſiring,
From admiring
Fruit unlawful, check thy thought.
Won by praiſing,
And by gazing,
Eve to pluck the charm was brought [l].

Warm fancy withſtand;
The work of her hand
To daſh, no minute delay.
Yea, ere ſhe begin,
Her painting of ſin,
Quick ſnatch her pencil away.

---

[k] Prov. iv. 23. [l] Gen. iii. 5, 6.

LXXVIII.

SELF-KNOWLEGE.

ALAS! too buſy to be wiſe,
Or elſe in ſloth's amuſements wand'ring,
We ſcarce will ever turn our eyes
Upon ourſelves, with ſerious pond'ring.

On ev'ry toy abroad we gaze,
Ourſelves we ſhun, at home are ſtrangers;
And round and round in error's maze
We trifle on, eternal rangers.

If e'er, perchance, we look within,
Self-love, our fancy'd virtues pleading,
Hoodwinks the judgment; lurking ſin
And ſwarming ſpecks averſe from heeding.

Vain-glory hence, and fierce diſdain
Of wiſe benevolent monition;
Hence fury, when the Good arraign
Our envy, av'rice, or ambition [m].

---

[m] Prov. IX. 8. Matt. VII. 6.

Eſtabliſh'd thus, ill habits grow
Too ſtrong to yield to ſelf-correction;
Too high for reaſon (dreadful woe!)
To awe their frenzy to ſubjection [n].

LXXIX.

THE SAME SUBJECT, IN A DIFFERENT METRE.

YE fools, abróad you gáze round,
But ſtrángers ſtill at hóme;
In vain amúſements wánd'ring,
From tóy to tóy you roám.

Or fir'd with luſt of lucre,
In buſy ſcenes you toil;
Deviſing, and deviſing,
To dig the golden ſoil.

---

[n] Jer. xiii. 23.

Ah!

Ah! what kind voice ſhall win you,
Yourſelves, yourſelves, to know?
While thus you ſhun your boſoms,
How faſt your follies grow!

Of wiſe advice diſdainful,
Too knowing to be taught;
You redden at the warning,
Which dares but hint a fault.

Self-love, alas, whenever
You glance upon your heart;
Connives at all your vices,
Or colours o'er with art.

Your pride is *conſcious merit*;
Ambition, *noble flame*;
And wrath, *quick ſenſe of honour*;
And av'rice, *foreſight*'s name.

Ill habits thus advancing,
Too high for reaſon's rule,
Too ſtrong for ſelf-correction,
Go live and die a fool.

LXXX.

DIVINE DISCIPLINE NECESSARY TO SELF-KNOWLEGE.

WHAT a perplexing wild
Is ſelf-deluſion's art!
Who by himſelf is unbeguil'd?
Who traces all his heart[o]?

To thee, O Lord, alone
The myſt'ry lies reveal'd.
Our windings all to thee are known,
And not a thought conceal'd[p].

With ſelf-applauſes vain,
Few of our faults we ſee:
And for thoſe few we fondly feign
Some ſelf-excuſing plea[q].

---

[o] Pſalm xix. 12. [p] Pſalm cxxxix. 2.
[q] Iſ. v. 20, 21. James i. 26.

Lord,

Lord, ſearch me, prove me through [r]
By diſcipline ſevere:
And to myſelf my ſpirit ſhew,
From all diſguiſes clear.

If ſeeds of guilt and woe
Are cheriſh'd in my breaſt;
Or if my feet unthinking go
In paths by thee unbleſs'd;

Expell the latent foes,
My quick return befriend [s].
O lead me in the way which knows
No bitterneſs nor end.

---

[r] Pſalm cxxxix. 23, 24.
[s] Pſalm cxix. 176.

LXXXI.

REPROOF.

TO ſelf-admiring folly burn
The frankincenſe of lying praiſe [t],
Let the proud ſcorner's anger ſpurn
The friendly cenſor of his ways [u].

Come parents, paſtors, faithful friends;
In merciful alliance join
To ſmite me [w], when my *act* offends,
Or when to evil I *incline*.

Your wounds are ſanative; the ſmart
I welcome, 'tis a pleaſing pain.
You lance the ulcer in my heart,
Sweet health of mind by you I gain [x].

---

[t] Prov. xxvi. 28. xxix. 5.
[u] Prov. ix. 7, 8. xv. 12.
[w] Pſalm cxli. 5.
[x] Prov. vi. 23. xxvii. 5, 6.

Ye

Ye fools, why will your pride refuſe
The warning voice, the guiding hand?
Embrace rebuke, wiſe counſel chuſe;
Or periſh, with the froward Band [y].

LXXXII.

PRIDE.

O Pride, thou dropſy of the mind,
Of ſelf-deluſion born;
Hateful to God [z], by all mankind
In others ſeen with ſcorn.

Shall ſinning man, O Lord, preſume
To glory in thy ſight?
Himſelf on his own virtues plume [a]?
And claim thy heav'n by right?

---

[y] Prov. xv. 10, 32.
[z] Pſalm cxxxviii. 6. Iſaiah ii. 12.
[a] Luke xviii. 11, 12.

I boaſt

I boaſt of none, in none I'll truſt,
For mercy, Lord, I ſue [b].
Ah! were my judge ſeverely juſt,
Perdition is my due [c].

Shall mortal man, ſo blind and weak,
On his own pow'rs depend?
In thee I hope, thy bleſſing ſeek,
O guide me and defend [d].

Shall man his brother man deſpiſe,
Vain of excelling worth?
And view aſkance, with haughty eyes,
His fellow worm of earth?

Who made my birth, or ſtation, high?
Another's mean and low?
Who made that poor man's cup ſo dry,
But mine to overflow [e]?

---

[b] Luke XVIII. 13. [c] Job IX. 2, 3. Pſalm CXXX. 3, 4. CXLIII. 2. [d] Prov. III. 5, 6. Jer. IX. 23, 24.
[e] Prov. XXII. 2. Pſ. XXIII. 5.

My

My pride ſhall nobler talents ſwell?
Who made yon ideots ſmall?
Who gave me talents to excell [f]?
Who but the God of all?

O come, meek-ey'd Humility,
Come, dwell within my breaſt.
Thus, Jeſus, I would learn of thee,
And feel thy promis'd reſt [g].

****

LXXXIII.

HUMILITY.

First Part.

WAS pride, alas! e'er made for man [h]?
Blind, erring, guilty creature he,
His birth the duſt, his life a ſpan,
His wiſdom leſs than vanity.

---

[f] 1 Cor. iv. 6, 7.
[g] Matt. xi. 29.
[h] Eccleſiaſticus x. 18.

If wealth and pow'r with dazzling rays
And pageant ſtate this nothing dreſs;
On the fair idol ſhall we gaze?
And envy *that* as happineſs?

Jeſus, by thy inſtruction taught,
Our fooliſh paſſions are repreſt:
We bluſh at our miſguided thought,
And ſee and call the humble bleſt.

To know ourſelves, to learn of thee,
And bend our necks beneath thy throne,
Thus dictates wiſe Humility,
This makes the wealth of heav'n our own [1].

---

[1] Matt. v. 3.

LXXXIV.

HUMILITY.

Second Part.

BLEST men, of lowly mind,
In self-opinion poor;
For you, what honour is design'd!
For you, what princely store [k]!

In time's short joys and sighs,
Thankful, or meekly still;
Whate'er he gives you, or denies,
You love your Father's will.

The high and holy One,
Who all his works surveys,
Marks you, from his eternal throne,
As temples to his praise [l].

---

[k] Matt. v. 3. Prov. xv. 25. xviii. 12. xxix. 23.
[l] Isaiah lvii. 15. 1 Cor. vi. 19. 2 Cor. vi. 16. 1 Pet. ii. 5.

To you, to you he bends
His condeſcending ear [m];
To you his pow'rful arm extends,
In every want and fear.

From your miſgiving breaſt
Sad diffidence remove.
Why, children, are your ſouls depreſt?
Why doubt your Father's love?

With mildneſs in his face,
Your weakneſſes he views.
To humble worſhippers, his grace
He never will refuſe [n].

From the proud phariſee
His countenance he turns:
But will not with diſpleaſure ſee
A publican who mourns [o].

---

[m] Pſalm cii. 17. Prov. xv. 8.
[n] Pſalm cxxxviii. 6. Prov. iii. 34. 1 Pet. v. 5.
[o] Luke xviii. 9—14.

LXXXV.

MEEKNESS.

MEEKNESS, ally'd
To ſoft Humility,
The foot of Pride
Will never tread on thee.

Patient of wrong,
To wrong canſt thou incline?
Gentleneſs of tongue,
And manners mild are thine.

Iron is the breaſt
Thy ſweetneſs cannot charm;
By fiends poſſeſt,
The man who works thy harm.

Obdurate ſteel
Is liquefy'd by flame:
Malice will feel,
By thee, relenting ſhame.

Envy will chain
Her ſnakes; and ſcandal's ſpite,
Bluſhing, refrain
Thy harmleſs name to bite.

Cheerful thy days,
In ſweet abode of peace;
Crown'd with all praiſe,
Thy bliſs ſhall never ceaſe [p].

LXXXVI.

ANGER AND MEEKNESS.

MARK, when tempeſtuous winds ariſe,
The wild confuſion and uproar;
All ocean mixing with the ſkies,
And ſhipwrecks daſh'd upon the ſhore.

---

[p] Matt. v. 5.

Not

Not leſs confuſion racks the mind,
By its own fierce ideas toſt;
When reaſon is to rage reſign'd,
And in the whirl of paſſion loſt.

O ſelf-tormenting child of Pride [q],
Anger, bred up in hate and ſtrife [r];
Ten thouſand ills, by thee ſupply'd,
Mingle the cup of bitter life.

Happy the meek, whoſe gentle breaſt,
Serene as ſummer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the bleſt,
Enjoys on earth celeſtial day.

No friendſhips broke [s] their boſoms ſting,
No jars their peaceful tents invade,
Safe underneath Almighty wing [t],
And, foes to none, of none afraid.

---

q Prov. xxi. 24. r Prov. xv. 18. xxviii. 25.
s Prov. xxii. 24.
t Pſalm lxxvi. 9. Iſaiah xi. 4.

Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,
With thy whole ſelf our ſouls poſſeſs;
Paſſion and pride be hence exil'd,
So ſhall our frame thy own expreſs.

LXXXVII.

ENVY.

MALIGNANT Envy, come not near,
Some wretch of infamy torment.
Come not, to trouble my repoſe,
Thou ſpawn of pride and diſcontent.

Go, move the tempter to deſtroy
Some world of innocence again [u],
Go, and another Abel find,
To periſh by another Cain.

---

[u] John VIII. 44. 2 Corinth. XI. 3. Wiſd. II. 24.

Or ſome hard-hearted brethren mould,
A Joſeph's favourite life to ſell [w].
Or ſome delicious vineyard eye,
And in a ſecond Ahab dwell [x].

Yea, could the Son of God again
Appear in ſervile form below;
Inflame malevolence, once more
To ſtrike the crucifying blow [y].

Not blackeſt night and brighteſt noon
Are with each other more at ſtrife,
O Jeſus, than the envious mind
Is with thy Goſpel and thy life.

May I too humble be for pride,
Too ſelf-contented to repine:
And too benevolent, to wiſh
My neighbour's bleſſings leſs than mine.

---

[w] Gen. xxxvii. 11, 28.
[x] 1 Kings xxi. 1—16.
[y] Mark xv. 10.

LXXXVIII.

RELIGIOUS CONTENTMENT.

I Envy not the worldly Great,
Their coſtly viands and their pride of ſhow,
Inchantment all; deluſion's bait;
Fools ruſh along, and plunge in death and woe.

Give me the peaſant's clay-built cell,
On a coarſe pillow reſt my weary head.
If there with me my God will dwell,
With cheerful heart I'll bleſs my homely bread [z].

The lofty majeſty of God,
Who in eternity of Glory reigns,
In viſits to a mean abode,
Deſcends to commune with adoring ſwains [a].

---

[z] Pſalm xxxvii. 16. Prov. xv. 16. xvi. 8.
[a] Iſaiah lvii. 15.

O happy ſouls, in humble ſeat [b]!
What tranſports from divine communion flow!
Angels will you as brethren greet,
And hail the type of their own heav'n below.

LXXXIX.

MALEVOLENCE.

O Dreadful ſcale of ſin!
To wrath ſee envy ſwell;
Fix'd wrath is hate, and all within
Malevolent as hell.

A ſong inflam'd the jealous Saul,
A Demon his dark ſoul poſſeſs'd:
The furious javelin pierc'd the wall,
But meant the envy'd David's breaſt [c].

---

[b] 1 Tim. vi, 6. [c] 1 Sam. xviii, 6—11.

The

The victim he purſu'd
Mountains and deſerts o'er;
Revenging charitable food,
With ſacerdotal gore [d].

Good heav'n! that e'er thy human race
Should theſe infernal paſſions breed!
Deſtroy thy image, and debaſe
Their glory into Satan's ſeed [e]!

Ye friendly ſouls, who burn
With love to human kind,
Whoſe feelings, with abhorrence, turn
From the malignant mind;

The yoke of Jeſus why decline?
Why caſt his law of love away?
O come, nature's weak aid reſign,
And bow beneath his gentle ſway.

---

[d] 1 Sam. xxi. 1, 6. xxii. 9—19.
[e] John viii. 40, 44. 1 John iii. 8—12.

XC.

LOVE.

O God of love, thy glory
Blazes in the goſpel plan,
Abounding with the ſtory
Of thy flowing love to man.

High love, beyond conceiving,
Gave thy ſole-begotten ſon;
That the bliſs of ſouls believing
Should through endleſs ages run[f].

Warm with divineſt feeling,
Down the Filial Goodneſs came:
And, to mediate our healing,
Bore a vile delinquent's ſhame[g].

---

[f] John III. 16, 17. 1 John IV. 9, 10.

[g] John XV. 13. Gal. II. 20. Epheſ. III. 17—19. V. 25—27. Iſ. LIII. 5, 12.

Who,

Who, Lord, thy name avowing
Shall his glorious title prove?
Are not all of thy allowing
Men of univerſal love [h].

Lo, my boſom is expanding
To receive this heav'nly gueſt;
All of human form demanding
Friendly manſion in my breaſt.

But where thy image beaming
In my fellow man I ſee;
My full affections ſtreaming
Pour their ſtrongeſt energy [i].

O Love, of all the Graces
Faireſt, thy ſweet influence
Anger and pride effaces;
Eaſy to forgive offence.

---

[h] John xiii. 34, 35. Luke x. 27—37.
[i] Gal. vi. 10. 1 John iii. 16.

Well-

Well-ſpring of ſocial bleſſings,
Bearing, giving, ſoft and kind;
Sincere in thy careſſings,
Candid is thy gentle mind [k].

How charming is the union,
By this noble virtue wrought!
How pleaſant the communion,
By this noble virtue taught!

This heightens ev'ry beauty
In all other virtues found;
Endears each act of duty
In the ſocial circle's bound.

Hope ceaſes, by enjoyment;
Faith ſhall fail, in viſion's bliſs:
Love endures; beſt employment
In the world of happineſs [l].

---

[k] 1 Corinth. xiii. 4—7.
[l] 1 Corinth. xiii. 8, 13.

XCI.

UNCHARITABLE JUDGMENT.

ALL-KNOWING God, 'tis thine to know
The ſprings whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we ſin.

Who among men, high Lord of all,
Thy ſervants to his bar may call?
Decide of hereſy, and ſhake
A brother o'er the flaming lake [m]?

Who with another's eye can read?
Or worſhip by another's creed?
Revering thy command alone,
We humbly ſeek and uſe our own [n].

---

[m] Rom. xiv. 4. 2 Corinth. i. 24.

[n] Matt. xxiii. 8—10. John v. 39. Acts xvii. 11. 1 Theſſ. v. 21. 1 John iv. 1.

If

If wrong, forgive; accept, if right;
While faithful we obey our light,
And, cens'ring none, are zealous ſtill
To follow as to learn thy will[o].

When ſhall our happy eyes behold
Thy people faſhion'd in thy mold?
And charity our lineage prove
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love[p]?

XCII.

PERSECUTION.

ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wand'ring by deſtructive flame:

[o] John XIII. 17. [p] 1 John IV. 7.

Bold arrogance! to ſnatch from Heav'n
Dominion not to mortals giv'n [p];
O'er conſcience to uſurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.

Mad zeal! that with hell-fury burns,
The rights of God and man o'erturns [q]:
Whoſe blind preſumption ſanctifies
Murders, rebellions, plots, and lies.

That fills the world with blood and woe,
That hurls down kingdoms at a blow,
That butchers ſouls, and peoples hell
With converts which its arms compell.

Thus Rome aſſerts her proud decrees,
Inforc'd by fierce anathemas;
And wakens vengeance, to devour
The foes of Antichriſtian pow'r.

---

[p] 2 Theſſ. II. 4. 1 Pet. v. 3.

[q] John XVI. 2. Acts IX. 1. XXVI. 9—11.

Jeſus,

Jeſus, thy gentle law of love
Does no ſuch cruelties approve [r].
Mild as thyſelf, thy doctrine wields
No arms but what perſwaſion yields [s].

By proofs divine and reaſon ſtrong,
It draws the willing ſoul along;
And conqueſts to thy church acquires,
By eloquence which heav'n inſpires [t].

O happy, who are thus compell'd
To the rich feaſt by Jeſus held [u]!
Britain, thy bleſſings know; and prize
The light which liberty ſupplies.

---

[r] Luke ix. 54—56.
[s] 2 Corinth. x. 3—5.
[t] 1 Corinth. ii. 4, 5, 13.
[u] Luke xiv. 23.

XCIII.

PROBITY; OR, INTEGRITY TOWARDS MAN.

AS the limpid ſtream, which flows
O'er a bed of golden ſand,
All its ſhining treaſure ſhows,
Tempting the beholder's hand;

So the honeſt heart is ſeen,
In the mild expanded eye,
In the open generous mien
Of the man of probity.

In the honeſt heart abide,
Truth with undeluding tongue [w],
Faith that never warps aſide,
Thoughts which never mean a wrong.

---

[w] Prov. xii. 17.

Who, ſuch treaſure to poſſeſs,
Feels not friendſhip's warm deſire?
Who the friendſhip will not bleſs
Glowing with ſo pure a fire?

In that ever truſty breaſt,
I with confidence repoſe,
Secret as the houſe of reſt,
All my triumphs, all my woes.

But alas! what happy clime
Is for men of truth renown'd?
Where, in all the walks of time,
Was the precious bleſſing found?

Falſe and ſelfiſh, ev'ry one
Seeks his brother to deceive [x];
Falſe the ſmile, and falſe the groan [y],
They are cheated who believe.

---

[x] Pſalm v. 9. Iſaiah lix. 13—15. Jer. vii. 28.
[y] Pſalm xli. 6. lv. 21.

God of truth, the lying phraſe,
Of diſſembling lips, to thee
Hateful is [z]; thou lov'ſt the ways
Of the man of probity [a].

XCIV.

HYPOCRISY TOWARDS MAN.

CONDITION hard of ſocial life,
When love and prudence are at ſtrife!
While *that* the kindeſt thoughts inſpires [b],
This caution and diſtruſt requires.

Falſhood alas! too oft we meet,
And for a friend a Joab greet;
With ſmiles and glozing ſpeech careſt
We feel the poniard in our breaſt [c].

---

[z] Pſalm v. 6. LII. 2—5. Prov. VI. 16, 17.
[a] Prov. XII. 22. [b] 1 Corinth. XIII. 4, 5.
[c] 2 Sam. III. 26, 27.

There are, who in my happy days
Will eat my bread and ſound my praiſe:
But when my feſtal times are o'er,
Shun, as they would the plague, my door.

There is, whoſe heart I fondly thought
In the ſame mould with mine was wrought;
To whom my ſecret I unclos'd,
And my whole naked ſoul expos'd.

Ere long his falſhood he betray'd;
He publiſh'd counſels of the ſhade
On the houſe-top: Yea join'd my foe,
And wove the plot to lay me low [d].

O for the pinions of a dove [e]!
Far from all traitors I'd remove:
And in ſome lonely harmleſs wild,
Dwell there unknown and unbeguil'd.

O rather, Lord, thy ſervant give
In love and wiſdom here to live;
Till thou indulge me a releaſe
To thy own world of truth and peace.

---

[d] 2 Sam. xv. 31. Pſalm xli. 9. lv. 12—14.
[e] Pſalm lv. 6.

XCV.

INOFFENSIVENESS.

WHILE in this world I dwell,
The paths of ſin I'll fear [f];
And, pond'ring all my goings well,
Walk inoffenſive here [g].

My ev'ry ſtep I'll aim,
As warn'd by wiſdom's zeal [h];
Leſt e'er, O Lord, thy holy name
By me a wound ſhould feel [i].

To me let no man owe
His hatred of thy ways.
From me let no man's ſorrow flow,
The guilt of no man's days.

---

[f] Prov. xxviii. 14. [g] Acts xxiv. 16.
1 Corinth. x. 32. [h] Prov. xiv. 16. Eph. v. 15.
[i] 2 Sam. xii. 14. 1 Pet. iii. 16.

Not

Nor will I rashly draw
Man's vengeance on my head,
By warmth untimely; when thy law
Under their feet they tread [k].

Thus blameless may I live [l],
Thus grace the faith I own [m];
Thus win ev'n infidels to give
Due honours to thy throne [n].

XCVI.

CHRISTIAN PRUDENCE AND FORTITUDE.

FATHER of lights [o], my footsteps guide
Along the dang'rous path I tread.
Ne'er suffer me to turn aside,
By error or by sin misled.

---

[k] Matt. vii. 6.
[l] Philipp. i. 10.
[m] Tit. ii. 10.
[n] Matt. v. 16. 1 Pet. iii. 16.
[o] James i. 17.

While

While the mad world around me ſpend,
Their days in folly or in crime;
O that my feet may always tend,
To wiſe redemption of my time[p]!

With truth illuminate my mind,
Inſpire with fortitude my heart:
Ne'er let me wander with the blind,
Nor waver in the Chriſtian's part.

Faſhion and crowds conſpire in vain,
To ſhake the firmneſs of my ſoul[q]:
All your allurements I diſdain,
God only ſhall my choice control.

---

[p] Epheſ. v. 15, 16. [q] Exod. xxiii. 2. Rom. xii. 2. [r] John ii. 15, 16.

XCVII.

JUSTICE.

FORBID it, heav'n! that e'er I eat
The bread of craftineſs and wrong[s].
A curſe would poiſon all my meat,
As fatal as the viper's tongue[t].

I ne'er will raiſe a poor man's ſigh,
His hire ſhall never ſwell my ſtore[u].
I dread the poor man's plaintive cry,
I fear the father of the poor[u].

If I in darkneſs (baſe miſdeed!)
Aſſaſſinate my neighbour's fame[w];
By me if innocency bleed,
Cancel from earth my hated name[x].

---

[s] Prov. iv. 17. [t] Job xx. 14—16.
[u] Prov. xxii. 16. Mal. iii. 5. James v. 4.
[u] Pſalm lxviii. 5. Job xxxiv. 28.
[w] Pſalm l. 20. xi. 2.
[x] Pſalm lii. 2, 4, 5. ci. 5.

Ah!

Ah! no; let me with ſtrong delight
To all the tax of duty pay;
Tender of every ſocial right,
Revering thy all-righteous ſway.

Such virtue thou wilt ne'er forget,
In worlds where every virtue ſhares
High recompence; though not of debt,
But which thy bounteous grace prepares.

XCVIII.

MERCY.

BEHOLD a wretch in woe,
A brother mortal mourns:
My eyes with tears, for tears, o'erflow,
My heart his ſighs returns [y].

---

[y] Rom. xii. 15.

I hear

I hear the thirſty cry,
The famiſh'd beg for bread:
O let my ſpring its ſtream ſupply,
My hand its bounty ſhed [z].

Lo, the poor debtor ſues,
Pale at the penal threat,
A ſtarving family he ſhews;
I cancel all the debt [a].

And ſhall not wrath relent,
Touch'd by that humble ſtrain,
My brother crying, "I repent,
"Nor will offend again?"

How elſe, on ſprightly wing,
Can hope bear high my pray'r
Up to thy throne, my God, my King,
To plead for pardon there [b]?

---

[z] Job xxii. 7. Iſ. lviii. 7, 10.
[a] Ezek. xviii. 7. Matt. vi. 12.
[b] Matt. vi. 14, 15. xviii. 23—35.

The

The pitiful and kind
Thy pity will repay.
With thee ſhall the forgiving find
A ſweet forgiving day [c].

But juſtice lifts her ſcale,
And ſhakes her rod on high:
Nor pray'rs, nor ſighs, nor tears avail
The ſons of cruelty [d].

XCIX.

SUMMARY OF CHRISTIAN VIRTUES, WITH THEIR BEATITUDES.

NOT all that pow'r affords,
Nor mirth that wine inſpires,
Nor what ſharp avarice hoards,
Or martial toil acquires;
Not conquering arms,
Nor beauty's charms,
Can form the plan
Of bliſs for man.

[c] 2 Sam. xxii. 26. Matt. v. 7. [d] James ii. 13.

Happy

Happy *the humble minds*[e],
In ſelf-opinion poor;
There faith a dwelling finds,
And brings her precious ſtore.
In heav'n enroll'd,
A crown of gold
Around their head
Its blaze ſhall ſpread.

Happy, *who try'd in woes*
Welcome correction's pain;
Whoſe tears *repentance* ſows,
Rich ſeed ne'er ſown in vain.
A harveſt ſprings
Of joyful things,
Which God will keep
For them to reap.

Happy *the meek*, whoſe breaſt
No angry paſſion ſhakes;
Of inward calm poſſeſt,
When tempeſt round them breaks.

---

[e] Matt. v. 3—12.

The wing of God,
O'er their abode,
Secure repoſe
And peace beſtows.

Happy the ſouls renew'd,
Who *thirſt* for wiſdom's ſpring,
And *hunger* for the food
Which virtue's banquets bring.
They now ſhall taſte
The rich repaſt;
Then bliſs intire
Shall fill deſire.

Happy the men whoſe hearts
Relenting *mercy* ſways:
Mercy which God imparts,
The merciful repays:
He hears their cries,
Their wants ſupplies,
Their pains relieves,
Their ſins forgives.

Happy the mind whoſe eye
No clouds of *luſt* obſcure;
Whoſe pow'rs can upward fly,
From vile affections *pure*.
Thy raviſh'd ſight,
In worlds of light,
On God ſhall gaze,
And drink his blaze.

Happy *the foes of broil*,
Who works of *peace* purſue:
The God of peace with ſmile
Does his own children view.
Their godlike frame
Deſerves the name,
Divinely great
Is their eſtate.

Happy, thrice happy, ye
Who ſuffer ſcorn and ſhame;
Whoſe love to truth and me
Endures the teſt of flame.

To you is giv'n
To ſit in heav'n
With me, and ſhare
My glory there [z].

C.

THE CONCLUSION OF A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I Fear him not—The king of fears
Stands ready to diſcharge his bow.
No terror in his look appears,
I bare my boſom to the blow.

Thou vanquiſh'd enemy, my Lord,
When underneath thy ſtroke he fell,
O'ercame thee; and his pow'rful word
Thy pow'r againſt his friends ſhall quell [a].

---

[z] Rev. iii. 21. [a] 1 Corinth. xv. 55—57.

Welcome

Welcome the wound, which ſets me free
From a vain world and ſinful clay:
'Twill end my dark captivity,
And give me to immortal day.

My warfare's finiſhed [h]. Sins and grief,
Long has my ſtruggle been with you.
O come, faith's long-deſir'd relief;
For ever, grief and ſins, adieu.

I haſten to my father's home,
To meet my dear Redeemer there [i].
My naked ſpirit ſhall not roam,
In worlds deſerted of his care [k].

Nor ſhall this fleſh I leave behind,
Lie mould'ring always in the tomb:
Quicken'd by him [l], ere long, refin'd,
It ſhall celeſtial life aſſume [m].

---

[h] 2 Tim. IV. 7. Heb. VI. 19, 20.
[i] John XIV. 2, 3. XVII. 24.
[k] Acts VII. 59. 2 Tim. I. 12.
[l] John VI. 39.
[m] Philip. III. 20, 21.

Sweet earthly fellowſhips, farewell;
Belov'd relations, friends belov'd,
With you I muſt no longer dwell:
How hard to part! my ſoul is mov'd.

But, gracious God, within thy hand
I truſt them all; their journey guard
Through this diſtemper'd dang'rous land,
In heav'n's good way to heav'n's reward.

CI.

THE FUNERAL.

IN black proceſſion, ſad and ſlow,
About the ſtreets the mourners go:
Man comes to make his long abode,
Where darkneſs dwells and worms corrode [n].

[n] Eccleſ. xii. 5.

There

There buſy life, there pleaſure ends,
And tie of blood, and tie of friends.
There ends probation's hour [o], and there
Virtue's hard ſtrife with ſin and care.

Why for vain riches do I toil,
Gath'ring for death a larger ſpoil [p]?
Why for this dying fleſh purvey,
The ſinful pleaſures of a day [q]?

Why cling ſo cloſely to my heart
Kindred and friends? we ſoon muſt part!
And wherefore do I waſte the ſpan
Of mercy limited to man?

The pious few O let me join,
And with their faith my breath reſign;
That their hereafter mine may be,
Ev'n mine their bleſt eternity [r].

---

[o] Eccleſ. IX. 10. XI. 3. Heb. IX. 27. [p] Pſ. XLIX. 6—9, 17. [q] Rom. XIII. 14. Heb. XI. 25. [r] Num. XXIII. 10. Prov. XIV. 32. Pſal. XXXVII. 37. 2 Corinth. IV. 17, 18.

CII.

THE SEPARATE SOUL OF A GOOD CHRISTIAN.

WHAT world is this? Where am I brought,
Stript of my body, but my thought
More clear and vigorous than of late?
Is this the intervening ſtate [a]?

Eyes

---

[a] The ſoul of our Saviour went into *Paradiſe*, immediately after its ſeparation from his body. Thither, alſo, on the ſame day went the ſoul of the converted thief. But our Lord aſcended not into *heaven*, till forty days after his reſurrection. Surely then *Paradiſe* is not *heaven*, but ſome other place in the univerſe; where the ſeparate ſpirits of good men dwell together, in joyful expectation of their own bleſſed reſurrection and final reward. Compare Luke xxiii. 43. John xx. 17. Acts i. 3—10. John xiv. 3. Matt. xxv. 31, 34. *Hades* is ſuppoſed to mean the common receptacle of departed ſouls, until the general reſurrection. It is conceived to be divided into two vaſt regions, (1) The *lower paradiſe*, ſo called,

Eyes I have none, nor feet to ſteer,
Nor hands to feel, nor ears to hear:
Yet I can reaſon as before,
And trace my paſt exiſtence o'er.

My weeping children, weeping wife,
Ye deareſt cares in former life,
All intercourſe with you is o'er;
The home I lov'd, knows me no more.

Cannot unbody'd ſouls combine,
And, ſpeechleſs, in ſweet converſe join?
With mental viſion, lo, I ſee
A vaſt rejoicing company.

Theſe, ſurely, are the righteous band
Of ſouls, who ſojourn in this land.
And is not this unknown abode,
Bleſt with the preſence of my God?

---

called, to diſtinguiſh it from the *upper paradiſe*, ſtyled by St. Paul *the third heaven* *, into which the juſt are to be received immediately after the general judgement. (2) Gehenna, (hell) named *Tartarus* by St. Peter †, the place of torment and manſion of wicked ſouls. See Grotius on Luke XXIII. 43.

* 2 Corinth. XII. 2, 4. † 2 Peter II. 4. in the Original.

Encumber'd now no more with clay,
I've caſt its weakneſſes away [t].
I feel my pow'rs of joy more ſtrong
Than ever did to earth belong.

With raptur'd hope, I wait the morn [u]
When to new life I ſhall be born [w]
By that almighty voice, whoſe ſound
Shall wake the dead [x] and ſplit the ground;

When I ſhall meet my Saviour-Lord
Coming to finiſh my reward [y];
When I ſhall join his holy train,
And mount to the celeſtial plain [z].

---

[t] Rom. VII. 24, 25. [u] Pſalm XLIX. 14.
[w] Luke xx. 36. [x] John v. 28, 29.
[y] 2 Theſſ. I. 10. [z] Matt. XXV. 46. John XVII. 24.

CIII.

THE MEDIATORIAL KINGDOM OF JESUS CHRIST.

CELESTIAL Muſe, inſpire my voice; to ſing
Jeſus the mediator king [a].
Archangels lowly in his preſence ſtand,
In act to fly at his command.

Great legiſlator, by ſupreme decree,
To Adam's favour'd progeny [b];
On Adam's favour'd offspring he beſtow'd
The bleſſing of his heav'nly code [c].

The Spirit, Pow'r of ſanctitude, receives
Miſſion from him [d]; receiving gives
Grace in a rich effuſion, to maintain
In human breaſts a Saviour's reign.

---

[a] Pſalm cx. 1—4. Matt. xxii. 43, 44. Heb. vii. 20, 21. [b] Pſalm ii. 6. Matt. xvii. 5. Acts ii. 36. [c] *The goſpel,* Rom. viii. 2.
[d] John xv. 26. xvi. 7—11.

He

He lives, the Mediator [e] lives and pleads,
For weeping rebels intercedes [f]:
Self-mov'd the Father looks with placid face,
And yields to rebels his embrace [g].

His Father's pardons he conveys [h], where'er
Faith offers the repenting tear:
The fulneſs of his Father's love he ſheds,
Where faith the path of duty treads [i].

Over his flock a watching eye he bends,
His flock he feeds, his flock defends.
The weak he ſtrengthens, he confirms the ſtrong,
And gently bears the lambs along [k].

In danger's inſtant, in temptation's hour,
His providence exerts its pow'r;
In ſorrow's vale, in death's tremendous ſhade,
Still preſent with conſoling aid.

---

[e] 1 Tim. ii. 5. Heb. vii. 25.
[f] John iii. 16. xvi. 26, 27. Rom. v. 8, 10.
[g] 2 Corinth. v. 19. Coloſſ. i. 21.
[h] Luke xxiv. 47. Acts v. 31.
[i] Heb. v. 9. [k] Iſaiah xl. 11. John x. 11. Pſ. xiii. 1—4.

Mean

Mean while, his matchleſs policy prepares,
Ye nations, all your great affairs;
And all thy range, O ſcience! to fulfill
The counſels of redeeming will [l].

He comes, to vindicate his Father's throne;
He comes, to glorify his own:
The king deſcends in majeſty divine,
Ten thouſand Seraphs round him ſhine [m].

His voice like roaring oceans ſounds, "Awake
Ye dead;" earth, ſea, and Hades quake:
The dead before his judgment-ſeat appear,
Their doom the dead and living hear [n].

"Depart, ye curſed, to eternal flame.
Ye bleſſed, I avow your claim,
The kingdom by my Father's love prepar'd;
Me follow to your high reward [o]."

---

[l] Epheſ. i. 22. Revel. v. 1—7.
[m] Matt. xvi. 27. xxv. 31. Acts x. 42. Rom. ii. 5. Jude 14. 2 Theſſ. i. 6—10.
[n] 2 Tim. iv. 1. 1 Theſſ. iv. 15. Rev. xx. 12.
[o] Matt. xxv. 34, 41.

The

The king precedes, the long refulgent train
Aſcend to his celeſtial fane [n]:
The heav'ns roll off; ſun, moon, and ſtars expire,
Earth melts in univerſal fire [o].

****

CIV.

THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL.

ETERNAL Goſpel, my unerring guide,
The worldling's hatred [p], and the ſcorn of pride [q],
No viſionary's dream, nor fabling wile,
Frenzy's illuſion, or impoſture's guile [r];
Mean were thy heralds, but their miſſion ſure,
The doctrines humbling, and the moral pure,
Benevolence ſublime; ſtupendous ſcheme
God to exalt, and a loſt world redeem.

---

[n] *Temple*, that is, *heaven, the true ſanctuary*. Heb. VIII. 2. IX. 24. Rev. VII. 15.

[o] 2 Pet. III. 10—12. Rev. XX. 11.

[p] John III. 19, 20.

[q] 1 Corinth. I. 22, 23.

[r] 2 Pet. I. 16.

In

In vain the mighty ſtorm'd, the learned ſtrove,
Thy truth is ſtrong, it iſſu'd from above:
Scoffs, chains, and death in all the ſhapes of fear
Menac'd in vain; reſiſtleſs its career:
By wonder-working pow'rs and native charms,
Its ſole enticement and its only arms,
From land to land its rapid conqueſts ſpread,
And joy and beauty on the nations ſhed.

O when ſhall this divine religion run
In its *full* glory [s] with the circling ſun?
Come, long foretold, long wiſh'd, triumphing day;
Fly, intervening ages, fly away.

'Mong opening clouds, amidſt a flood of light,
A man majeſtic [t] awes the dazzled ſight.
High on a courſer [u] white as virgin ſnow,
He ſits; in act to bend a ſilver bow [w];

---

[s] Gen. XII. 3. Pſalm II. 8. CX. 1. Dan. VII. 13, 14.

[t] Jeſus Chriſt. See Revel. VI. 2.

[u] Grotius underſtands *the white horſe* to be a ſymbol of the goſpel, in regard to its purity.

[w] The *bow* may repreſent the vengeance which Jeſus Chriſt will inflict on the implacable enemies of his pure religion. Compare Pſalm XLV. 3, 4, 5.

A golden

A golden crown upon his head behold.
VICTOR, his name, in characters of Gold,
Flames on a ſilver croſs his lofty creſt;
And MERCY with ſoft luſtre ſparkles on his cheſt.

Rome trembling drops her chalice and her rod,
And the freed nations mock her viceroy God [x].
Their ſtartled eyes the ſeed of Iſrael turn
To him their fathers crucify'd, and mourn [y].
Mecca abjures her Iſhmael's ſpurious fane [z],
Her prophet faithleſs, and his [a] Koran vain.
India her Viedam [b] burns. The poliſh'd land
Of China owns the Nazarene's command:
Ador'd [c] Confucius is no more divine,
And pagods [d] fall before Jehovah's ſhrine.

---

[x] 2 Theſſ. II. 4. [y] Zech. XII. 10. Rom. XI. 24—26. 2 Cor. III. 13—16.

[z] The Caaba, or temple of Mecca, to which the Mahometans make pilgrimages.

[a] Commonly called *the Alcoran*, the law of Mahommed. [b] The ſacred code of the Bramins, in the Eaſt Indies. [c] A famous Chineſe philoſopher. He had a temple erected to him after his death.

[d] Chineſe idols.

 I ſee

In Scythian wilds [e], beneath the freezing bear [f],
I ſee Immanuel his enſign rear.
[g] O'er Lybia's burning plains he ſends his name,
And all her ſable ſons reſound his fame.
Salvation with a ſwift effulgence beams,
On the vaſt weſtern world's remote extremes;
Caciques [h] and Sachems [h] lay their axes down:
Barbarian fierceneſs and the ſavage frown
Melt into ſocial love, the look humane,
And the mild ſpirit of Meſſiah's reign.

A new creation ſprings, the hallow'd earth
Is fill'd with children of celeſtial birth;
A race divine, to life immortal born;
Whom God's own virtues with renown adorn.
O times, O manners, innocent and bleſt!
Joy to the ſwelling womb and milky breaſt.
No pirate roves the flood, the trading ſail
Securely flies before the fanning gale.

---

[e] Tartary. [f] The moſt northern parts of the earth.
[g] *Lybia*, i. e. the interior parts of Afric comprehending *The Land of the Negroes*.
[h] Chiefs of the American Indians.

Safe

Safe is the travell'd ſhore, the pilgrim takes
His fearleſs journey when the morn awakes.
The villages rejoice; th' exulting hind
Eyes his ſure harveſt waving in the wind.
Nor in the hut alone contentment ſings,
But, wond'ring, comes to ſtateſmen and to kings.
Cities rejoice; no ſons of Belial tear
With bacchanalian roar the midnight air.
Nor lewdneſs prowls at eve, nor villains creep
Through windows in th' unwary hour of ſleep.
Juſtice her faſces breaks, fierce war his lance,
Order and peace the ſocial bliſs advance:
All kind affections through all hearts extend,
And every man knows every man a friend.
Meſſiah reigns, th' Almighty Father ſmiles,
Diſcord no more his holy mount defiles [1]:
One faith, one hope, the happy nations bind,
The world his Zion, and his fold mankind.

Fly, intervening ages, fly away;
Come long foretold, long wiſh'd, triumphing day.

---

[1] Iſaiah xi. 9.

INDEX
OF
FIRST LINES.

Page

ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind 177
Ah! never, never ſhall I taſte the joy 74
Ah! what avails confeſſion's tongue — 131
Alas! too buſy to be wiſe, — — 153
All-knowing God, 'tis thine to know — 176
Anxious cares and boding fears — 105
As the limpid ſtream, which flows — 180
Awake, my glory, awake; — — 7

B.

Behold a wretch in woe, — — 188
Bleſt men, of lowly mind — — 163
Bound in a malefactor's chains — — 21
Bring me, O bring me where thy mournful ſhade, 17
" By my own endleſs life I ſwear — 127

C.

Celeſtial Muſe, inſpire my voice; to ſing — 201
Come, children, learn the heav'nly art, — 56
Condition hard of ſocial life, — — 182

INDEX.

D.

Page

Deep, deep into thyſelf, my ſoul deſcend; — 84

Divine Phyſician of the morbid mind, — 29

Doſt thou my worthleſs name record — 47

E.

Eternal Goſpel, my unerring guide, — 204

F.

Father of lights, my footſteps guide — 185

Forbid it, heav'n! that e'er I eat — 187

G.

God reigns: Events in order flow, — 107

Great Spirit, underſtanding's king, — 5

H.

Hail, dear abode; my irkſome exile ends. — 86

Haſten, ſinners, to be wiſe; — — 42

How high our ſanguine hopes we raiſe! — 114

How lively the pleaſure ſucceeding to pain! — 92

How long, ere weeping Elegy — — 71

How long, O Lord, and why, — — 64

INDEX.

Page

How pleaſant roll'd the days! — — 96
How ſtrange are his myſterious ways! — 78

I.

I envy not the worldly Great — — 170
I fear him not—The king of fears — 194
Immanuel, Saviour, meek and mild — 76
Imperial reaſon, hold thy throne. — 146
Impure deſires, flee far away; — 142
In black proceſſion, ſad and ſlow, — 196
In ſhadow black as night, — — 10
Is he, alas! allow'd — — — 129
Is this the man, on earth ſo gay? — 117

J.

Jeſus his banner has diſplay'd, — — 53
——, to whoſe all-ſeeing eye — 133
—— with groans and blood redeem'd — 35

M.

Malignant Envy, come not near, — 168
Mark, when tempeſtuous winds ariſe, — 166
Maſter divine, with docile hearts we bring — 135
Meekneſs, ally'd — — — 165
My body's curious frame, — — 140

INDEX.

Page

My heart is fix'd, the firm decree — 58
My judgment, guided from above, — 149
My Sovereign, to thy throne — — 82

N.

New to the ſea of life, with eaſy ſail — 116
Not all that pow'r affords, — — 190
Not always will the ſky pour down — 118

O.

O come, all ye ſons of Adam; and raiſe — 32
O could I ſweep the lyre, like Iſrael's king. — 1
O dreadful ſcale of ſin! — — 171
O folly, chief in folly's ſhame! — 100
O God of love, thy glory — — 173
O God the holy and the juſt, — — 62
O pride, thou dropſy of the mind, — 159
O ſanctity, whoſe cloudleſs day — — 9
O the diſtracting fears — — 67
Our Father, thron'd above the ſkies, — 60

P.

Poor were the pleaſures of the feaſt — 144

INDEX.

R.

Page

Riches, in copious ſtreams, — — 109

S.

Sages of letter'd Greece and Rome, — 12
Smiling pleaſures, — — — 151

T.

The captain of Jehovah's armies ſtands — 50
The firmament's ſtupendous frame, — 3
The more thy goſpel is ſurvey'd, — 136
The nail, the ſpear, the ſhaming tree — 23
The traitor comes, with ruffian crew: — 19
Thou Son of God, virtue's immortal friend, 27
Thrice happy man! whoſe youthful feet — 54
Time, Time, how few thy value weigh! — 125
'Tis Wiſdom's earneſt cry; — — 38
To fix the thought on things above, — 49
To Jehovah, thou my ſoul — — 88
To ſelf-admiring folly burn — — 158
Trembling earth gave awful ſign; — 25
Tremendous Author of our frame, — 102
Truth with her golden beam — — 33
'Twas not to bathe in Jordan's flood, — 14

INDEX.

W.

	Page
Was pride, alas! e'er made for man? —	161
Welcome, ye meſſengers of peace, —	37
What a perplexing wild — —	156
What a ſudden pauſe is here! — —	94
What new offence, what unknown deed —	69
What world is this? Where am I brought —	198
Where, O my ſoul, O where — —	72
Wherefore this ſlowneſs to believe —	98
While in this world I dwell, — —	184
Who, gracious Father, ſhall complain —	138
Why came I here? What have I done, —	123
Why does my coward heart — —	120
Wiſdom exalts her voice again, — —	49

Y.

Ye Angel Forms, look down; and ſee —	15
Ye fleſhly luſts, ye greedy cares — —	111
Ye fools, abróad you gáze round, — —	154
Ye tedious hours of pain, — —	90
Yes—it was Thou, whoſe gracious care —	80
Your flowing urns, ye fountains, lend, —	43

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 14 FEB 49

Just published by the same Author,

In One Volume Octavo, Second Edition,

With an elegant Frontispiece,

THE BOOK OF JOB,

IN ENGLISH VERSE,

Translated from the ORIGINAL HEBREW;

WITH

REMARKS, HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY.

ERRATA.

P. 34. l. 15. for *changes* read *change*.
P. 42. l. 16. for *thy* read *your*.
P. 136. Title of H. LXX. for *knowlege* read *knowledge*.

Printed for James Buckland, *and juſt publiſhed,*

1. THE RURAL CHRISTIAN: or, The Pleaſures of Religion. An Allegorical Poem: In Four Books. To which are added, SYLVAN LETTERS; or, The Benefits of Retirement. By a young Gentleman. (Inſcribed to the Earl of Dartmouth.) Embelliſhed with Frontiſpieces neatly engraved. Price bound 3s.

2. DEVOUT MEDITATIONS; or, A Collection of Thoughts upon Religious and Philoſophical Subjects. By the Hon. John Howe, Eſq; Recommended by Dr. Young, Author of the Night Thoughts. The Fourth Edition. Price 2s. 6d.

3. SERMONS upon Various Subjects preached to YOUNG PEOPLE. Deſigned for the promoting of Early Piety. By John Evans, D.D. The Second Edition.

4. CONTEMPLATIONS on the Ocean, Harveſt, Sickneſs, Laſt Judgment, on Butterflies, on a Full Moon, and in a Walk through a Wood. In a Series of Letters. By Richard Pearſall. In Two Vols. Adorned with fine Cutts. Price 6s.

5. RELIQUIÆ SACRÆ; or, Meditations on Select Paſſages of Scripture: And, Sacred Dialogues between a Father and his Children. By the Rev. Mr. Richard Pearſall. Publiſhed from his Manuſcripts by Thomas Gibbons, D.D. In Two Vols. Price 6s.

6. FOUR ELEGIES, Deſcriptive and Moral. With neat Deſigns, engraved by Grignion. Price 1s.